TAKE ONE

the film magazine

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INGMAR BERGMAN & ARTHUR PENN

THE ernie Game

BY DON OWEN

Starring: Alexis Kanner, Judith Gault and Jackie Burroughs

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Best Direction

20th Canadian Film Awards, Toronto, 1968

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CREDITS

JOHN BIGBY, who teaches at California's Santa Rosa Junior College, is just completing a book.

GABRIEL BRETON is a Professor of Psychology at Montreal's beleaguered Sir George Williams University.

BOB COWAN, a regular "Take One" contributor, is a prize-winning New York "underground" filmmaker.

DON DAYNARD has been a film nut and collector since the age of 12 and has a still collection numbering in the thousands. He keeps himself occupied, between triple-features, as Morning Man at CKFH Toronto. His present article first appeared in "Captain George's Whizzbang".

CLIVE DENTON, a "Take One" Contributing Editor, is a Producer for the CBC in Toronto.

VASCO GRANJA, born in 1925, has been a film-club and festival organizer in Portugal for more than 15 years.

JOHN HOFSESS, a "Take One" Contributing Editor, is completing arrangements for the North American distribution of his first feature, **The Pleasures of Peace**, and has another bunch of filmic projects in the offing.

DENNIS KAWICKI is a free-lance composer, filmmaker and (ghost)writer. An inveterate collector, he keeps his Warren (Michigan) home bulging with 7000 books, thousands of tapes and records, and about 100 films. His column appears originally (and in slightly lengthier form) in "Cinéaste" (27 West 11th Street, New York City 10011).

JOSEPH KOSTOLEFSKY is a free-lance writer based in the San Francisco area.

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JOE MEDJUCK ("Take One" Associate Ed-Pub) maintains his cover as a University of Toronto Ph.D. candidate and extension-department lecturer.

BOB NICHOLS, with a BA in International Affairs from George Washington University, is studying for an advanced degree at the University of Uppsala.

JUAN RODRIGUEZ is a Montreal free-lance writer who appeared recently in the "Village Voice".

AL SENS has made eight animated films, plus free-lance animation work for the CBC and the NFB, as well as numerous tv commercials and trailers. He is presently producing animated films for teaching purposes at Simon Fraser University in British Columbia.

HAROLD G. WOODSIDE, a 20-year-old ex-Torontonian now living in London is busy as: script-writer, filmmaker, make-up man, and underground poet.

FEEDBACK

You will probably recognize my name as the author of the recent book on Eric von Stroheim and I am also the film critic for I.T. I was prompted to write this letter by the most recent issue of your magazine.

First of all, I noticed your review of Durgnat's book on Bunuel. Were you not sent a review copy of Stroheim too? (We were.—Ed.) If you have, are you planning to review it in a future issue or not at all? (This issue in fact: see farther back. — Ed.) I must admit that this letter reflects in part my surprise at the small number of North American newspapers or magazines to review my book although it is over 6 months since it was published in the States. Is this because it is a mere paperback? But it certainly rates more as a proper book, I would have thought, than a collection of past reviews like that of Pauline Kael's "book". (When originally published in London by Studio Vista, the book was reviewed by almost every major publication including Films & Filming, The Sunday Times, New Statesman, New Society, Times Literary Supplement, Film, etc.)

I thought you might be interested in my reaction to your recent articles. I was particularly amused by your reference to Freddie Wertham as the author of "numerous respected books", although I doubt whether he knows very much about the cinema. I had thought that he had been demolished once and for all by Robert Warshow's classic essay, "Paul, the Horror Comics, and Dr. Wertham" — an essay which surely should be drawn to your readers' attention. Incredible that Wertham's entire article mentions only one film, **The Tenth Victim.** Krassner muddles the entire issue by writing about the "advantages of violence" or "arguments in favor of violence" rather than the question of "violence on film". Surely, as long as violence is part of our world, it is perfectly legitimate to make films about it. I hope that Krassner is not equating **Bonnie & Clyde** with **Sadismo**, or is it fashionable in Canadian circles to attack American films?

For me the real highlight of your issue was Gentleman's article on **2001** which is one of the best articles of its kind that I've ever seen. I must admit that it confirmed exactly some of my own feelings toward the film, as somewhat confused and only partially successful in what it set out to do. I was completely unconvinced by the ravings of John Hofsess; he would have done better to refer to the many specific points raised by Gentleman, particularly the question of Kubrick's alteration in the original conception of Clarke.

I'm afraid this letter has a critical sound to it, but I really do wish you well — especially if you plan to review Stroheim. There are too few film magazines in the world as it is.

J.W.Finler,
London, NW.3

AN IMPORTANT NOTE TO OUR READERS

TAKE ONE is published roughly six times a year (approximately every two months). When writing us about possible missing issues, please mention the volume and number of the issue or issues in question: do not attempt to identify them by date of issue. (Note that there are twelve issues — or numbers — per volume.) Please allow eight weeks for delivery.

I was delighted to see your article "The Cuban Cinema" in issue 12 of Take One.

I belong to an anti-war organization that would like very much to sponsor a Cuban film festival and I would appreciate it greatly if you could inform me of how to order Cuban films. We are especially interested in **Hanoi, Tuesday 13th.**

Jean Fargo,
Philadelphia

(Our Canadian readers can borrow Cuban films from the Consul General of Cuba, 1255 University Avenue, Montreal 110, P.Q. Others should write directly to Relaciones Internacionales, ICAIC, Calle 23 No. 1155, Habana, Cuba, leaving plenty of time even for air mail. The ICAIC will happily send Cuban films anywhere in the world, but US Customs will not permit them entry into the United States — something about "trading with the enemy". — Ed.)

Late last year, *Take One* Associate Editor Joe Medjuck paid a visit to the cast and crew of *Alice's Restaurant* as they concluded shooting on location in and around Stockbridge Massachusetts. Herewith are portions of some of his conversations with the principals.

ALICE'S RESTAURANT

PENN

What made you decide to make a movie of **Alice's Restaurant?**
Nothing really, no one thing. It just seemed to me a perfectly sound basis for a film about America today.
How closely does the film stick to the facts?
Not too closely. Neither does the record—it's only a kind of partial truth. It's a kind of ballad about what happened. What it is really is a perspective about what it is to be an aquiescent member of a culture at a given time, particularly in wartime. This I think is fundamental to the record and it's somewhat fundamental to the picture. Which is: at what level do you break the law? Do you break the law when you litter, or do you break the law when you refuse to go to the draft? And then what are your responsibilities to yourself in those conditions, and how do you evaluate them?
That's interesting, because I was just going to say that this is the one film that seems to break away from one of your major themes, which is violence and the law—which even seemed to show up in **The Miracle Worker,** in terms of violence. A friend of mine, when putting together a record of all your films before **Bonnie and Clyde** for a repertory theatre, started with a quote from an article on de Sade, believe it or not, which says something like "violence is a kind of communication".
Well, I think it is. I think it's not inaccurate to use that. We certainly have had a strong reference to the theatre of cruelty of Artaud, and there is no question but that a certain kind of abrasive interaction in art is necessary to enter the consciousness of people. And whether one uses that or whether one uses (if one has the capability) a high poetic imagery, which also will penetrate, it's that sort of glazed mind of all of us that we have to try to get through to; and whatever the form of it is, I think that violence is a perfectly acceptable ingredient in that kind of contact.
You're talking about art though; what about life? I mean I **think** you're talking about art.
I am talking about art. I think, maybe, about life too. There are certain times when violence is inevitable in life, and I think it probably is not always **necessarily** for the worse.
Mickey One strikes me as being almost pessimistic that way, in that you seem to suggest that Mickey—and correct me if I'm

ALICE

This is Alice Brock, the 'real' Alice of **Alice's Restaurant**. The song was written on the occasion of your opening the restaurant, is that correct?
Yeah, just before it opened. As a matter of fact, we all sat around and wrote the chorus and a lot of very raunchy verses which aren't in the song. We all sat around one night and taped it — I don't know where that tape is. But then Arlo wrote, re-wrote it and re-wrote it and went to the draft board and added that part and the song grew just like the experience.
So that his introduction is true. Come to think of it, there is no mention of Alice's Restaurant in the story: there was no restaurant when the story took place.
No, Alice's Restaurant came after the whole Thanksgiving thing, about a year or two after, but before his run-in with the draft board. It really takes place over a period of two or three years.
How did the notoriety-fame affect Alice's Restaurant?
Well, the truth is that I sold the restaurant about four months before the song came out. So it really didn't affect it very much.
The story then is really quite true.
Yes.
On the record. What about in the movie?
Pretty much true. Well, it's generally true and in some cases specifically true, but there's a lot of stuff put in, you know.
In terms of the story, the only thing I really have trouble believing is absolutely true is: did Arlo really go into the draft board and jump up and down and say, I want to kill, kill?
I don't know, because I wasn't there.
Does it sound like him?
No. No, it **doesn't** sound like him.

wrong—can't really change the world he's in. All he can really do is learn to live with it.

Ah yes, I would say that's true. I wouldn't say that he has to learn to live with it just passively, but he's going to have to learn to live with conditions that are inimical to him; and that there is a kind of—how shall I say—banditry, a kind of conspiratorial existence that one has because one is in a social group. And that seems to me to be characteristic of any child growing up who has to, in some way, bend to the social situation, and it seems to be true also of the political facts of life as well.

You live in Stockbridge I've been told. Did you know Arlo long before the record?

No, I didn't know Arlo before the record. I knew a number of the kids who were involved in the community up there and lived at the church, but I didn't know Arlo.

Was there any attraction in working in Stockbridge?

Yes, yes. I'm lazy.

What about your theatre group here?

Well, it's a group that we have. . .we're attempting to be part of the decentralization of American theatre, which is to get it away from Broadway and have it exist on independent bases around the country. The idea of a nation of this size having one strip of theatres in the middle of New York and that that be the only place where theatre really functions would be absurd.

Who else is in it? Yourself, William Gibson, I believe. . .

William Gibson, Anne Bancroft, quite a few other people, Estelle Parsons, Dustin Hoffman, and people of that calibre have been participants.

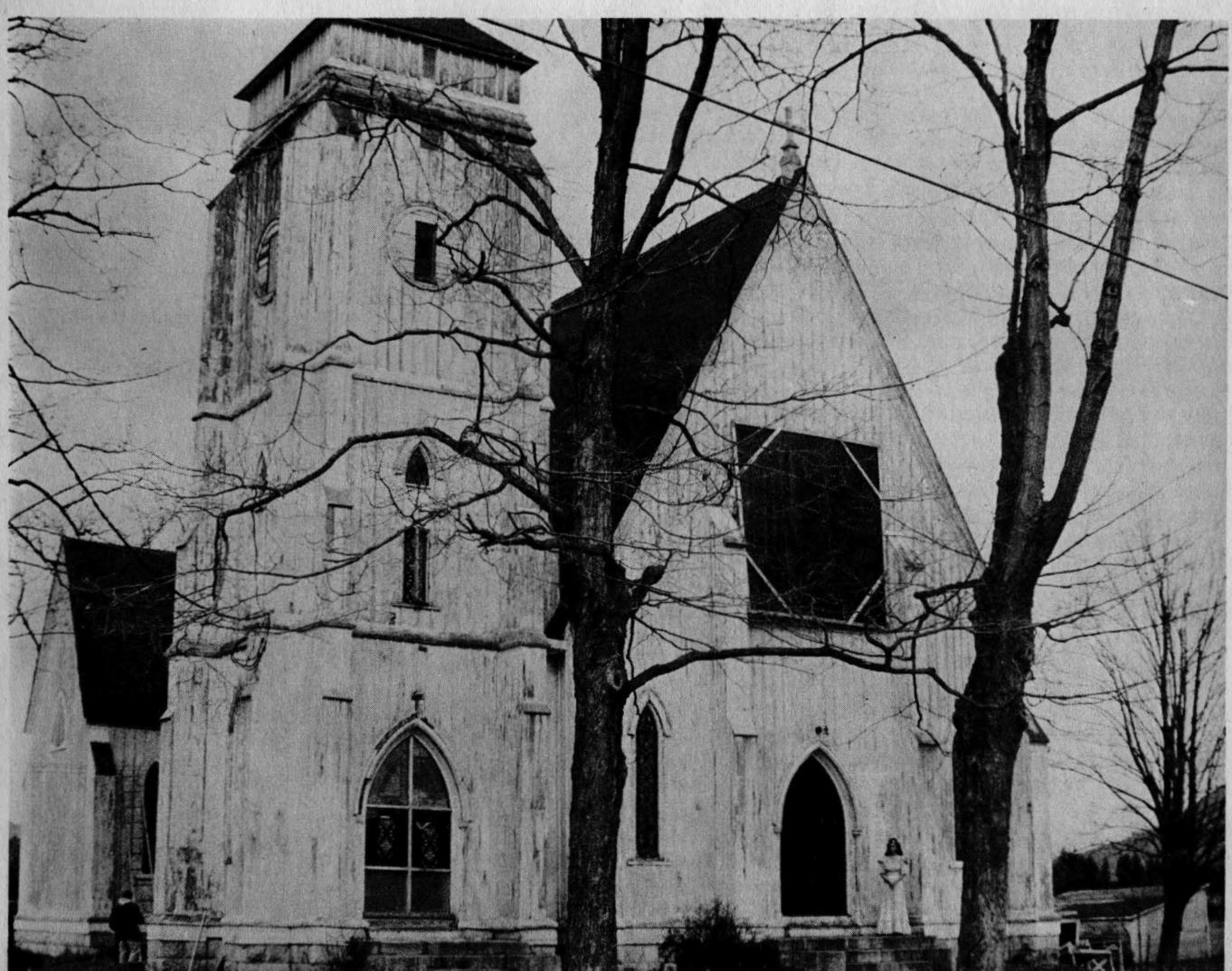
What do you think it is about Stockbridge that makes it a place for yourself, William Gibson, your producer, Arlo Guthrie? What is the attraction? Is it a coincidence that you all turned up here?

Oh, I think it's a combinatlon of both coincidence and a very attractive place to live. It's a very unusual community in the sense that it's a strong cultural centre—it's the summer home of the Boston symphony, and there's a good deal of music, and a good deal of dance, and theatre, and it seems a perfectly natural setting. A very enlightened audience arrives here every summer, and that seems to be a valuable thing to have.

Are you worried about your making the film here perhaps changing your relationship as a member of the community? What happens if your next-door neighbour sees it and says; My God, he made us all look bad!—or something?

Wellllll, ah. . . .I can't be concerned about that too much. But it's not a film about this community particularly. It's not about Stockbridge; it's about a generation, I hope, about a group of young people, and they're all over the country—they're not just in Stockbridge, they're in every city and every town. Whether there's one or ten or a hundred of them, they have something to say and they're saying it, in a very eloquent way, I think. And it's to our greater shame that we've been so long getting around to talking about them and listening to them.

Your brother Irving is a photographer, and I've noticed that in both **The Left-Handed Gun** and **Bonnie and Clyde** quite a



bit of attention seems to be paid to people taking pictures. Did you consciously try to match known photographs of, say, Billy the Kid in **The Left-Handed Gun,** or Bonnie and Clyde?

Yes, there's one known photograph of Billy the Kid holding a rifle, and it was part of it, yeah, to get him to get the look very much of that one photograph. It's the only known photograph of Billy the Kid. And the same was true of Bonnie and Clyde: their public character, their photographic character, it seemed to me was very important to their whole role. I think it's not exactly coincidental that my brother's a photographer, but it has only a minimal relevence.

I notice that for even your lighting-cameraman this is his first film, it's the first film for both producers as producers, most of your actors—I think **all** of them—have never been in films.

Yes. Well I think that there is something to be said for the certain kind of innocence that one has coming into film. And I certainly found it a pleasant situation to surround myself with people who don't have very strongly pre-conceived notions about how things shall be done. Because orthodoxy is constantly lurking in the wings, you know, and it quickly overtakes one in one's life. And the struggle, I think, as a filmmaker, or as anything, is to try to avoid orthodoxy.

I noticed you just now improvising with Officer Obie. Is there much improvisation in this film?

There's a degree of improvisation and there's a degree of preplanned form to the scenes, but we have followed a relatively loose pattern in terms of the dialogue. That is, the people were free to make up what they wanted to say on most occasions. Putting this in very blunt terms: if you've got to talk in terms of we and they, who do you side with? Officer Obie or the kids in the church?

Gee, I wouldn't put them as necessarily contradictory forces, although my sympathies and interest are certainly with the kids, I don't think that Obie is The Other Side. I think the other side is much more complicated than Officer Obie; I think he's rather a simple and somewhat attractive man. And I don't think he's the opposition. I think the opposition is much more complicated than that.

The producer, Joe Manduke, was saying that he felt that this film would to some extent show a new way of life to some people in America who didn't know about it yet. Do you have that kind of social consciousness in this film?

I would say so. It's inevitable that if we begin to enter the life of these people, and ask what are their goals, and what style of life they want to have, that we would inevitably enter an area that's not known to the majority of people. I certainly didn't know much about it beforehand; I've known a few of the people in it, but that's a somewhat more privileged position than most middle-class Americans enjoy. It's been with a certain kind of pleasure and awe that I've met them—they're a remarkable group of young people, and I think they've got the worst press in the world. I think that there's been very little understanding of what their intentions and goals are; certainly one doesn't decipher that from what one reads in the newspapers or maga-

HERNDON WRITER

How much have you stuck to the facts?

Well we went through almost three stages. First of all we tried to — we **did** — turn the materials of the record, 'Alice's Restaurant', into a script. Then we felt that that wasn't a total movie. We then, by chasing down a hymn, called 'Amazing Grace', which is part of the church group's — ah — well they sing it a lot. Then I stumbled upon a man who had de-consecrated the church, so we became fascinated by the idea that if a church was being lived in and it had been officially, by society, de-consecrated, was there some possibility that the people living in it could make it holy again in their own way? So then we started with that, and we turned that into film material.

Basing this on what actually had happened?

A **lot**. Yes, very much on what had actually happened. Then we decided that really wasn't quite enough for a film, and then we went back into Arlo's life after he graduated from the Stockbridge school, which was what actually brought all these people together, when Alice and Ray were teachers, and most of the people involved in the film were students in the school. So Arlo had gone to a college and had eventually left the college, and had some adventures in the college town, and he'd also been solicited to be an Indian tutor. As his friend Jeffrey says to him — Jeffrey's called Roger in the film — when they come out of this Indian reservation and he throws away the application and Jeff says, "Hell, man, you'd only be taking them where you're already leaving."

The film has almost five segments: his early education; two, his experiences at the church; three, the actual adventure with Obenheim, the police chief; four, the business of the draft centre; and five, his return to Stockbridge and going away from Stockbridge. In other words it's a two-theme thing in the sense that we're using both his consistent refusal to become something he doesn't want to be and the adventures of this group which is like Brook Farm.

But it's not Arlo's autobiography. It depends a lot on what did happen to him; at the same time, it is not in any way a documentary, as it's ordinarily understood.

zines.

Do you hope that the film will change this in any way?

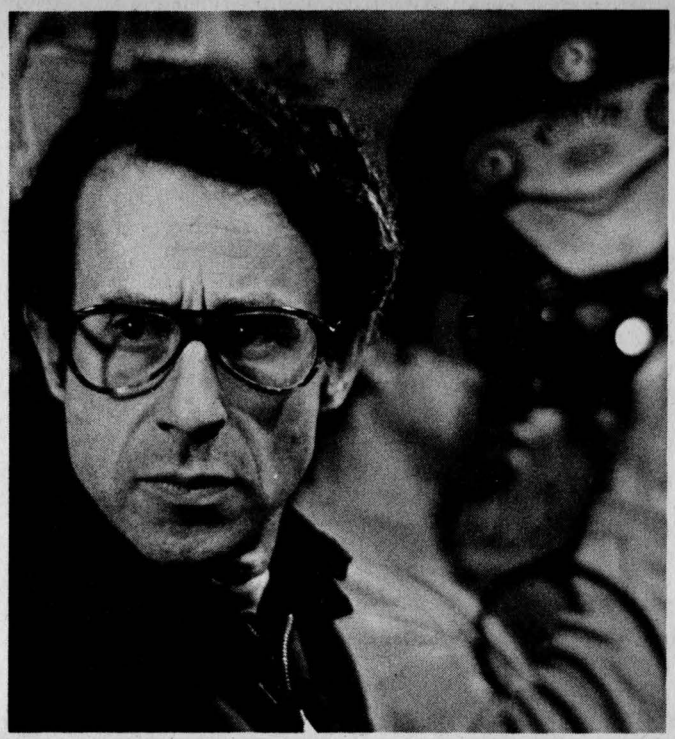
I don't know that one can expect that of a film. I don't really care whether it changes it or not. I think that the forces of social change are going to take place whether we make a picture about it or not.

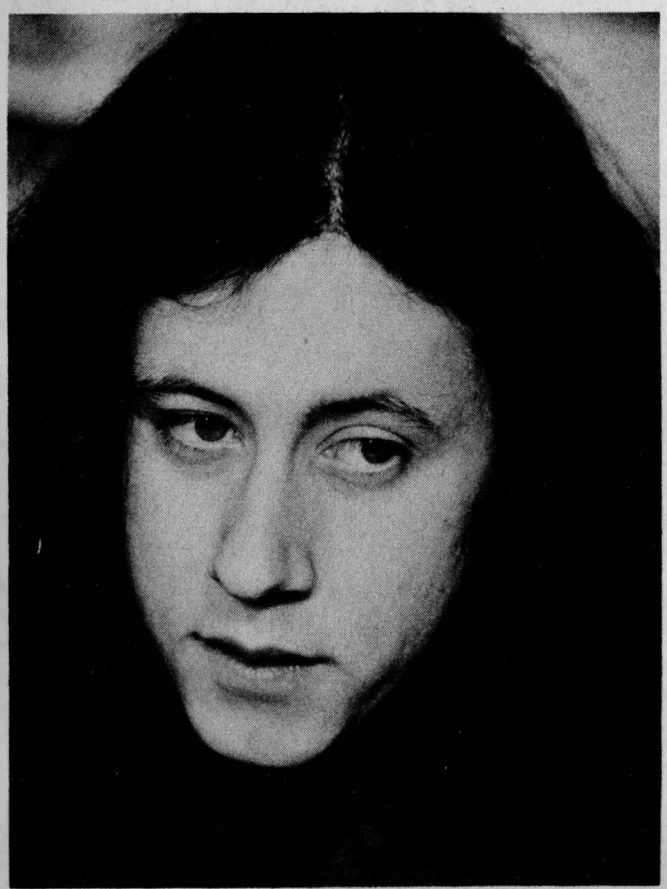
Will your next film **Little Big Man** have this sort of awareness of society in the background, or is it an attempt to break away from that, since you are setting it in the past?

No, it's a film about what happened to the Indian nation and why we — we being the white people, I suppose (I don't know if we're white)— why the kind of violence, the kind of betrayal, the kind of ferocious wrong had to be employed. I don't mean had to be employed for a greater purpose, but I mean had to be employed out of a psychological need of the people at the time — how one can bring oneself to be a participant in something which amounts to a kind of genocide, which is certainly true of what happened with the American Indian.

Well, again to quote something you may not agree with, people have said that **Bonnie and Clyde,** although it has a historical setting, is really about 1968; do you feel that this will be true of **Little Big Man** too?

I don't know that it can't be true of 1968. I mean I don't know how you make a film that isn't true of 1968 as well. But I think that signifies that what we think of as great social change has taken place at a relatively small pace, and that the differences between 1932 and 1968 are relatively small.





ARLO

Whose idea was it to make 'Alice's Restaurant' into a film?

Arthur's. But it's funny, when it first happened I thought of it as a movie. I said to the guy who was in jail with me that we should do a film of it. I was sort of surprised when it turned out as a record. I mean when I first heard it.

How did you like it?

Well (laughs) I liked it. I mean it filled the whole side of a record.

Is the story true?

Pretty much. It's been changed a bit.

How do you like being in Stockbridge?

Fine, I mean I live here. I don't have a house here or anything, but I don't have one anywhere else either.

How do you like being in the movies?

It's OK. It was a bit scary at first.

Could you see yourself making another film?

Yeah, I can see that but I don't want to see it right now.

Are you planning to do any more recording? Or writing?

Well, I've recorded a third album and written songs for it.

What's your draft status?

Four F.

Why?

Because I told them I didn't want to go. I don't know anyone who really didn't want to go who had to.

That's not true, I mean guys go to jail all the time because they won't go.

Well everybody does what they think they should. Some people think they should go to jail rather than into the army. I mean I don't think you have to fight it. I make records and I make movies and I take their money. You don't need to fight them. ■

RECENT RICHARDSON.... CASHING THE BLANK CHECK

by George Lellis

Tony Richardson's latest film, **The Charge of the Light Brigade,** is schizoid, not only artistically, but also as a phenomenon. As phenomenon, it is his first critical success since **Tom Jones,** which is four films ago and about as many years. As art, it contains, back to back, the very best and very worst of this aesthetically ambiguous director, for the best becomes, in turn, that which makes the worst worth talking about.

In truth, the purely phenomenal aspects of **The Charge of the Light Brigade** are not so much inherent in the film as in the inconsistency of critics. I find it quite difficult to accept the judgement that **The Loved One, Mademoiselle,** and **The Sailor from Gibraltar** are that much worse, or, for that matter, that much different from the two successes that flank them. It is unfortunate to have to say that Richardson's cinematic hits are both over-rated and over-evaluated and that his flops are, in kind, under-rated and under-evaluated, for this would seem to bulldoze his work out to a consistent level of mediocrity. What is to his credit, however, is that it really is a consistent body of work, one which for all its toying with sloppiness, derivativeness, overambition and just plain poor judgement, has a constant level of interest.

If one complimentary generalization is to be made, it is that Richardson's greatest talent lies in his brilliant ability to handle dialogue. Perhaps its roots are in his strong background in the theater, but Richardson's resultant **mis-en-scène** often has the look of being fitted to this well-spoken dialogue almost over-carefully, as if he considers the whole purpose of framing to be that of backing up the actor, as if he were blocking on stage to emphasize all the high moments. The problem is not a new one; it has been a critical bone of contention ever since talkies came into being, and probably no one is more aware of it than the director himself. Often, however, the over-all view of the film looks lost amid the individual well-punctuated lines, with a watering down of the strong sense of continuity some less careful director might achieve inadvertantly through broad, non-subtle strokes. For example, the quick gag construction first employed in **Tom Jones** and later carried into **The Loved One**, while making each joke momentarily funnier, eventually tires the audience, for it never allows a minor character to be on screen long enough to establish dramatic empathy, thus losing the plot interest needed to produce depth. **The Loved One** is not a trivial comedy, and most of the characters eventually return to fill out their roles; what is unfortunate is that by the time they do, we do not care. Our satisfaction, say, at the second appearance and appropriate fall of Mrs. Joyboy, crushed by a refrigerator, does not quite match our restlessness at this obese creature's slowing down of a story whose conclusion is now quite overdue. **The Loved One** falters because it is torn between the classic desire to tie up all the story ends and the modern need for comic acceleration.

Needless to say, this concept of making a movie by framing (often in quite the literal sense of the word) the dialogue which is at its core, makes the film only as good as its script—much more so than is usually the case. In Richardson's early films this becomes a fascinating process to watch, for the scripts, adapted from plays (**Look Back in Anger**, **The Entertainer, A Taste of Honey**), have strong characteristics of their own, ones which do not easily shake off their one-set conceptions and frequent rhetorical exuberence. What these plays do provide, however, is a fine sense of timing and sequence, one in which there is rarely any danger of a scene losing punch because it has been under-developed in the dialogue, as long as the original dialogue is retained. The exact opposite can occur when working from a scenario written for the screen, and the workings become quite different when a weakness or thinness of verbal qualities goes uncompensated for in terms of the adequate visual substitutes needed to keep the film going. Where a picture like **The Loved One** can keep plowing, almost gracefully, through a series of outrageous one-liners (probably contributed by Terry Southern), balanced with a certain stylized elegance (probably accreditable to Christopher Isherwood), the same Christopher Isherwood has no one of Southern's talents among his co-authors to act as alter ego in **The Sailor from Gibraltar.** The elegance is there, but it is less richness than tinselled campiness; the direction, to boot, is too overstraight and realistic for the film to work as the tenuous but poetic sexual fantasy to which the Marguerite Duras novel might have been adapted for the screen. Once again, a faulty sense of construction gets in the way. While the individual episodes in **Sailor** are often understatedly interesting enough, they neither build together, work together, nor have any dramatic context in the central mystery of a half-hearted half-search for an only possibly existent lost lover. To the extent that intentional obliqueness is used to capture a wispy uncertain reality, this schematic nature, with its mannered reliance on frequent visual time-slips to accompany long stretches of conversation, is not bothersome. But these near-vignettes move by too quickly, taking themselves for granted, and, being unsatisfactorily bridged, fail to increase in intensity. Jeanne Moreau (very good, smiling more than ever, embodying and acting out much of the eroticism she only evokes elsewhere) and Ian Bannen (very bad, providing his **vis-a-vis** with no

masculine counterpoint but a kind of sleepy-eyed nonchalance which is neither appealingly decadent nor villainously self-absorbed) float around Greece, Alexandria, Ethiopia and exotic environs, bumping (literally—the cameos in **Sailor** are wooden nickels) into Orson Welles and Hugh Griffith as they go. Even when the acting is fairly passable, the dramatic zenith is invariably reached too soon, and the scenes move on before they can sink in. What is worse—the more effective the fragments are individually, the more obvious becomes their lack of relation to each other. Indeed, it is reported that at the last minute the order of the film's final two sequences was reversed. The picture is composed of pale, pointillist dots of good movie-making —a striking image here, a nicely spoken line there, an occasional look by Moreau—but these are only good as dots. Seen at a distance, such little stabs congeal into nothing, like the signs and dead-end leads left behind by Anna's sailor himself.

Moreau hardly fares better at the hands of Jean Genet (albeit Genet's original scenario was filtered through the hands of David Radkin, Michel Cournot, Oscar Lewenstein and Richardson himself before it reached its final form) in the earlier **Mademoiselle**. Ettore Manni, hardly a more colourful actor than Ian Bannen, plays an Italian immigrant who, we gather, speaks very little French. (His only long sequences are in subtitled Italian, a strange incongruity for an English language movie set in France.) So here we are given a leading man who is not only dull, but cannot even say anything to his leading lady. For a director whose most redeeming virtue is his capturing of human speech, this becomes suicidal. It is no wonder then, that with the cross-dubbing from an international co-production, coupled with Manni's Italian and Moreau's peculiar septameter English (much better suited to the cosmopolitan type she plays in **Sailor**), the whole film seems totally out of place in a French village which is almost as mythically Gallic—right out of "Swann's Way"—as **Tom Jones** or **Charge of the Light Brigade** might be called mythically British. We spend long stretches at the beginning watching Moreau do a lot of lone walking, as she opens floodgates, poisons animals, immolates tree blossoms with a cigarette, and commits arson, all of which would be worth seeing in themselves if we felt some sort of security in the film's accurate rendition of place, milieu and environment, or in its building into some form of dramatic involvement. Yet **Mademoiselle** seems strangely oblivious to its audience's presence, preferring to study with obdurate clinicism a character interesting only for her perversity. Richardson goes into the race with a handicap, by keeping his mademoiselle in both real and dramatic solitude. It is no wonder the film suddenly comes alive in the parts where Moreau is teaching class, particulary in a key scene where she is chastising Manni's young son for wearing short pants to school. We momentarily hope that, once again, one of our best actresses will provoke the kind of confrontation scenes she handles so well. We are let down. The child instead takes his revenge by brutally murdering a hare, and Moreau, instead, has simply given a quiet little speech, in her odd English, as if she were talking to herself. Rather than create dramatic fireworks, it functions only as a strangely verbal respite in a strangely non-verbal film. Even the climactic orgy in the woods is better when it begins, when Manni beckons her to touch the snake he has hidden, (with great phallic-cility) under his shirt, than when we are left to hear only the birds and crickets serenade their silent love-making. There is no fight in **Mademoiselle,** no argument, no conflict. It is perverse and masturbatory in its inward direction of emotions on the part of its characters. For a director whose strong point is getting people to communicate, it is, as has already been mentioned, deadly.

Despite their faults, however, the photography for all three of these films — Haskell Wexler's for **The Loved One,** David Watkin's for **Mademoiselle,** and Raoul Coutard's for **The Sailor from Gibraltar** — are among the most interesting examples of black-and-white in 1960's filmmaking — Wexler's not only for its playing so well off the black mourning motif necessary in a comedy about em-balmy-ing, but for its use in capturing thereby a stylized viewpoint of American vulgarity, one which might look just plain cheap were it done in more realistic hues; Watkin's for its odd twilight effects, which keep everything dark, as if the whole picture were preparing for the thunderstorm which comes at the end; and Coutard's for its blanched, Mediterranean look,

as over-exposed as Watkin's seems under-exposed, and looking slightly reminiscent of his black and white work for Godard in **Breathless** and **Les Carabiniers**, with the same detached, synthetic feel, as if the camera just happened to be there.

That of late, Richardson's comedies (**Tom Jones, The Loved One**) have been more successful than his two subsequent features with Moreau goes further than the expected audience preference for humor, both to morbidity (**Mademoiselle**) and pretentiousness (**The Sailor from Gibraltar**). It would not be going too far, even, to say that Richardson is indeed more skillful at handling belly laughs than he is at evoking such intangibles as world weariness, latent eroticism or mystery. For **The Loved One,** his assemblage of a cast, which is in turn not particularly distinguished either for its acting ability (Robert Morse, Jonathan Winters, Anjanette Comer) or its comic talents (John Gielgud, Rod Steiger) and making it play together in relative harmony is no small feat for any director. If **The Loved One,** contrary to critical opinion at the time, can be considered at all successful — and I think it can — it is because it is one of the few recent comedies to blend an adequate dosage of both verbal and visual humor, neither of which is forced into the discomfort of appearing awkwardly superimposed on its characters. Rather, it arises from them, in magic moments when script and acting personalities synthesize into one. The cast for **The Loved One** is not at all a bad rogues' gallery, and its members, for all their tottering between satirical cliché and comic exoticism, are still far more recognizable as human beings than the super-broad stereotypes which inhabit even critically respectable successes like **The Russians are Coming**, not to mention lesser horrors.

It should come, then, as little surprise that **The Charge of the Light Brigade** achieves some of its greatest successes when it arouses a laugh, although it should be said immediately that this side of the film could have done well without Jill Bennett's dispensible and annoying equivalent of the Broadway Jewish mother. On the whole, however, in his grotesque portrayal of 19th century military stupidity, Richardson attains, with the help of Charles Wood's very good Victorian dialogue, a view of history that is funny, dry, and aloofly observant. The importance of this dialogue should not be under-estimated, for it all rings with precisioned truth, despite its challenging insistence on archaic language to evoke period. These lines are, as might be expected, beautifully read by **Light Brigade's** actors, with both theatrical import and cinematic nuance. This successful combination, this electric matching of fine actors with lines sturdy enough to support them, makes the rest of the film look like sauce, with little else to redeem it. That uncanny ability to get laughs and simultaneously remain within the semi-historical characters of a hundred years ago (characters who speak what sounds like language they should be talking, all in a milieu realistic enough to be believable, yet stylized enough to be attractive in itself) is quite a task, and the resultant contemporaneity of the tale is rewarding for sure. For a time the film succeeds, and blends two of the screen's greatest abilities — that of transposing reality with the highest accuracy and that of toying with that reality, now-you-see-it-now-you-don't style, molding it into a satire of at least some universality. It is perhaps the only manner in which the subject could possibly be tackled in 1968, and, momentarily, Richardson plays touch and go with being the George Bernard Shaw of the modern art movie.

Most of the dialogue takes place early in the film, in England, before the cast (**sans** Vanessa Redgrave, who has become conveniently pregnant) reaches the Crimea, and it is in these early scenes that Richardson's most impressive talents come into play. He has uncanny abilities at positioning actors for the lines they are to say (he even uses a very unconventional device in cross-cutting successive close-ups for the dialogue scenes — that of pushing the speaking faces way to the corner of the wide screen, sometimes half out of frame, as if they were about to fall off — to strangely good dislocating effect), for pocketing them properly in a room for both conversation and confrontation, and for placing them so that they are not overpowered by all the sets, costumes, interiors and bric-a-brac which are so scene-stealingly inherent in such an elaborate costumer. The romantic development between David Hemmings and Vanessa Redgrave is properly pitched, developed and sustained (if not concluded), so that for all the love affair's would-be triviality, it becomes a plot framework against which the rest of a major film might have bounced from a spring-board start. It is one of the few times an historic event has been presented as a truly logical result of the atmosphere which produced the people who engaged in it. What emerges is not a mere picture book approach, illustrating the charge, nor the use of it as backdrop for an historical novel of melodramatic situations. **The Charge of the Light Brigade** starts out by demonstrating, cinematically, that were it not for the over-

formalization and over-specialized development of Victorian society, such a folly would never have taken place. History at last is being treated on the screen not as a matter of melodramatic destiny, but as another logical link in the course of human evolution. This may have little to do with the art of film **per se**, but if we must have films based on history, then they might as well be good history, and **The Charge of the Light Brigade** is both good art and good history for about forty minutes.

What makes the film fall to pieces, like the very army it shows? The answer may be found in a directorial style which has always been faulty when it comes to the areas of landscape and genre. The seastorms, cholera attacks, floggings and cavalry chargings, all standard conventions of the epic, are neither presented with enough visual interest nor gain enough plot momentum on their own to fulfill the promises which the early film offers. The charge itself is a climatic dud. Put Richardson amid unending Victorian furnishings and he seems as at home as if he were shooting in his own apartment. Get him outdoors, amid hills, terrain or geography, with people on horses, saying little and doing much, and the movie just doesn't know what to do. Richardson, the director who can back himself into the most beautiful of corners, seems to lack something, vulgarity perhaps, when it comes to handling actors on horseback, Turkish extras, or any landscape which does not have a definite wall or end. His verbal powers are, almost in kind, lost when he must relate a story in purely visual terms, and the more he tries to achieve such purity the more he fails by undercutting his principle talents.

This sensibility which scatters the Crimea out as if it were just so much uninteresting land is much the same one which throws a French village together to come up with an unrelated collection of houses, forests, and floodgates, or turns the Mediterranean into an unimportant splash puddle for self-indulgent people. What socks lead into so much of Richardson's work is his constant need for, and frequent inability to evoke, a strong dramatic grid on which reflected emotions can be mapped out. Any simultaneous rejection of conventional storytelling becomes additionally crippling, for his stories lack the weight, both visually and emotionally, to carry themselves forward to a conclusion. One is left with movies that somehow get lost in the unspooling, with stories that vaporize in the telling.

Nonetheless, I hate to be hard on Richardson. I don't think it can be said that he has made a film not worth his time and effort and that of the spectator. At the rate he is working, he may still produce a body of cinematic literature by all means sufficiently interesting to warrant the occasional, if not frequent, lapses which he suffers. But even if he is never totally vindicated as a director, or his flops are never remembered as pieces of work in themselves, there is a tremendous fascination in watching someone, who, by means of a triumphant success in **Tom Jones,** got himself **carte blanche.** And what is more — he has used it. Granted there may have been an indulgent involvement with projects not only not commercially viable but artistically foolish, but at least he has been daring, unafraid to be bad, and willing to go all the way out on limbs. Granted there are times when his super-confidence and brashness would be more welcome were they bridled with some elemental, more classic film technique. At times he tries almost too hard to be French in style. (Perhaps he would get away with more, were he French.) Or one might argue that being able to write his own ticket, he went noplace. But there is, in any film, a point at which mistakes, if pursued logically, can have not only integrity but fascination, and failures, if properly investigated, can become more provocative than successes. Somehow and somewhere there is always something redeeming in a Richardson film—in its cast, photography, intent or serendipity. He may have gotten bad (or worse), but the tracing of his career becomes oddly intriguing. It is like seeing a sudden millionaire who, upon inheriting a fortune, goes out and squanders it, but, and it may well be the sign of frustrated genius, squanders it in style. ■

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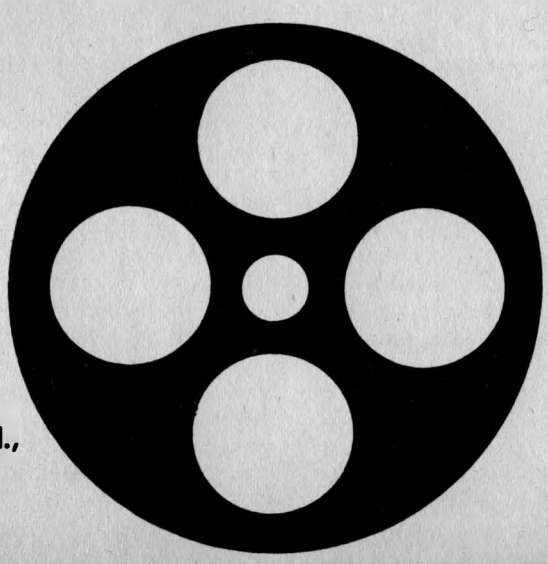

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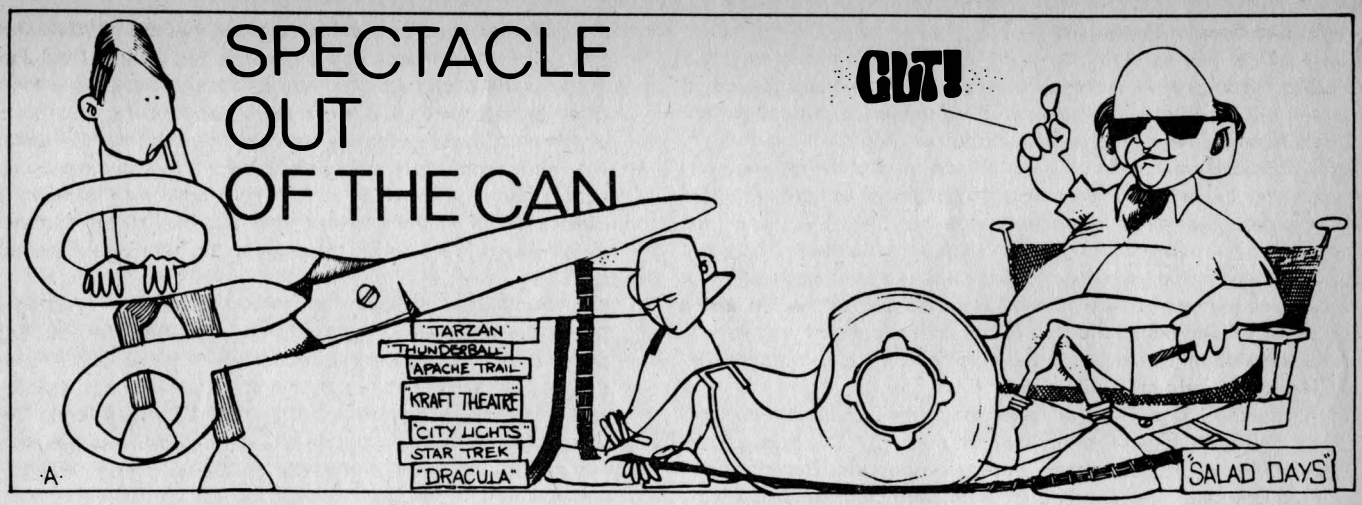

by DON DAYNARD

One of the least known facets of the motion picture industry is the use of stock footage. Basically it means that an enterprising producer can beef up his picture using major action or spectacle sequences from past films with few viewers able to tell the difference. It is a simple matter of economics in most cases; a cheapie can take on the look of a De Mille extravaganza by incorporating razzle-dazzle footage which probably cost, originally, more than the "B" film's entire budget.

The most frequently used footage—in at least ten features to date—is that lifted from that grand old piece of hokum, **One Million B.C.** The dinosaur fights, volcanic eruptions and prehistoric sequences have lent themselves to a flock of Grade "B" thrillers ranging from **Valley of the Dragons,** a Jungle Jim piece called **Jungle Manhunt** to that all-time favourite, **I Was a Teen-Age Caveman!** The original film starred Victor Mature, Carole Landis and Lon Chaney Jr. and was released in 1940. In its initial form it had been directed by D.W. Griffith and all the characters in the story spoke perfect English. However, after it was completed, the producer, Hal Roach Sr. had a falling out with the one-time great director, re-cut the film, removed Griffith's dialogue and substituted gibberish. It's been running ever since in theatres and on tv and was just recently re-made by Hammer Studios of England as a Raquel Welch epic.

Westerns are another breed of film that subsist on stock footage. Indian attacks, outlaw raids and mass action sequences have been used and re-used by money-conscious producers and studios for years. One of the masters at this, Republic Studios, between the years 1935 and 1955 created many features and serials from past hits and became so adept at it that in most cases the subterfuge was invisible.

Republic also re-used action footage shot for their serials in partial re-makes years later. All the chapter endings and stunt sequences from **Zorro's Black Whip** showed up seven years later in **Don Daredevil Rides Again** while **Trader Tom of the China Seas,** one of their last efforts, contained more footage from **Haunted Harbor** and **SOS Coast Guard** than anything else. In fact, one Republic serial, **Government Agents vs Phantom Legion**, contained stock from nine previous serials and eight features! It is a wonder the star, Walter Reed, even knew what was going on!

The use of stock was not, however, limited to the small studios. Even mighty M-G-M occasionally kept the budget in line by re-using expensive sequences from previous hits. In their marathon western **How the West Was Won,** battle scenes from **Raintree Country** were cut into the Civil War segment directed by John Ford. And **Presenting Lily Mars** was composed almost entirely of musical numbers from **The Great Ziegfeld.** Another studio that obtained all kinds of mileage from old footage was Universal—in their horror films of the thirties and forties. With each new Frankenstein or Mummy film, explanatory footage from earlier versions was cut in, usually while an off-screen narrator told the story of the last person to tangle with good old Imhotep or just how Dr. Frankenstein came to create his Brain Child.

In '64 Universal released what surely had to be their masterpiece as far as the use of stock is concerned. They took almost two-thirds of the old Jon Hall-Maria Montez opus **Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves**, shot a minimum of new footage to match everything up and came up with a brand new **film Sword of Ali Baba.** And to really cover up their tracks, they even hired Frank Puglia to play the same role in the remake **as**

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves

he had done in the original!

Time had so little changed Puglia that the editor was able to cut from a 1944 close-up to a 1964 two-shot and you could not tell the difference! **Sword of Ali Baba** is the current perfect example of making something out of nothing.

Television has been a great user of stock footage, particularly the westerns from Warner Brothers in the early 60s wherein major action sequences from the Errol Flynn westerns fleshed out many a Maverick and Cheyenne episode. A recent 20th Century Fox tv-show, Time Tunnel, used chunks of stock from such films as **Titanic, King of the Khyber Rifles, The Black Rose** and **Journey to the Centre of the Earth.** Viewers of Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea have seen the dinosaur footage from **The Lost World** many times over.

In the fifties, Republic released thirty-eight half-hour television shows called Frontier Doctor, starring Rex Allen, and 38 segments of Stories of the Century starring Jim Davis as Railroad Detective Matt Clark. Each show was composed of a maximum of stock footage from previous Republic "A" and "B" westerns such as **In Old California, In Old Oklahoma, Wagons Westward, The Great Train Robbery** and **The Dark Command.** Despite this, the shows were well received and extremely well put together. Another Republic tv series, Commando Cody, Sky Marshall of the Universe took 75 per cent of the action from four earlier theatrical serials, **King of the Rocket Men, Moon** and **Zombies of the Stratosphere.**

But it is the "B" film for theatres that has racked up the longest list of past glories revisited. A terrible little opus called **I Killed Geronimo** re-used the entire salt-flats chase from John Ford's **Stagecoach** as its climax as did **Laramie** at Columbia. Both **Pawnee** and **The Gun that Won the West** re-used the large-scale Cavalry-Indian battle from Joel McCrea's **Buffalo Bill** as integral parts of their plot. **The Redhead and the Cowboy,** with Glenn Ford and Rhonda Fleming, contained the big Rebel cavalry attack on a wagon train from **Wells Fargo.** This also showed up in Paramount's **Geronimo** which had the most mismatched stock ever seen! Every conceivable tribe of Indians imaginable appeared and it made no matter if none of them looked like Apaches. The picture made money and that, after all, is what counts.

Another classic example of stock footage is **White Pongo** released in 1945. Most of the silent serial, **Perils of the Jungle** made in 1927 was used as well as tons of travelogue footage of assorted animals and birds. As is usually the custom in films of this kind, the stars merely stand and peer off into the distance at events supposedly taking place, which in this case occurred years before. The whole unfortunate epic was brought to a close when the hero informed everyone that all the extraneous people wandering about throughout the film had been eaten by lions.

The Tarzan films, for years, had a habit of re-using one particular underwater fight showing the Ape-Man battling a huge crocodile, a beast that appeared to be at least ten times the size of Johnny Weissmuller. When M-G-M decided to remake the original film in 1959 this time starring a blond Denny Miller, they even incorporated this out-dated footage as well as the stunt work of Weissmuller's double swinging through the vines.

One Million B.C.

One of Ronald Coleman's last films was **The Story of Mankind** produced by Irwin Allen and released through Warner Brothers. In the picture Coleman portrayed an emissary from Heaven who argued the case for our Earth to continue its existence. He was opposed by the Devil's Spokesman, Vincent Price, and during the Heavenly Encounter, the pros and cons of Earth's history were presented by cutting in stock from a veritable warehouse of pictures. Sequences from the following films were presented: **Land of the Pharoahs, Helen of Troy, King Richard and the Crusaders, Drums Along the Mohawk, Forever Amber, The Golden Horde of Ghengis Khan, Ivanhoe, The Command, San Antonio** and **Dodge City**. .

My favourite "B" using stock footage from **One Million B.C.** was **Untamed Women** starring Lyle Talbot. Released in 1952, it showed a group of castaways marooned on a prehistoric island populated with all the monsters and citizens of the 1940 Roach film. Unfortunately, the distributor decided to double-bill the picture with a re-issue of **One Million B.C.** then called **Cave Man.** It was almost like seeing the same film twice and certainly caused all kinds of confusion with the audience. However, I didn't mind. I had seen **One Million B.C.** sixteen times anyway and one more time didn't hurt at all. ■

INGMAR BERGMAN

The Shame is Ingmar Bergman's 30th film - a film in which improvisation has played a major part. "But improvisation must be prepared for", says Bergman.

A November noon; a small room in the Svensk Filmindustri studios. Ingmar Bergman, ensconced in a beautiful, baroque armchair, talks. He is interviewed by **Take One's** Swedish correspondent, Lars-Olof Lothwall.

During production of **The Shame,** you made certain minor alterations from time to time. Previously, the manuscript has been Holy Scripture to you, isn't that so?

No, actually I worked in this way with **Persona.** With **Persona,** I had ample time, I had an ensemble of virtually two characters, and it cost nothing to begin experimenting, to try improvising.

But the basis for all improvisation must be **preparation.** If I haven't prepared, I can't improvise. If I've made careful preparations I can always improvise. Then I know I have something to fall back on. What I detest is formlessness. That terrifies me. It is seldom that mere formlessness in a work of art conveys anything vivid. More often it gives an impression of effort. But a combination of improvisation and planning - that's good.

You shot quite lengthy sequences in **The Shame** which you didn't at first think were suitable.

I've always done so, that has been my practice for the last ten to fifteen years. You see, one has to begin **somewhere** in a film; when you do, you're likely to be far out from the centre of eventual interest, you find yourself disoriented. No matter how well you prepare, you don't really know how a film's going to look when you've finished it. Above all, you're not sure of the **tone,** and that's tremendously important. . . for which reason I always have a margin of at least a week for retakes, usually at the tail end of the production. . .

When we begin a film, the actors know as little about it as I do. Usually I overwork them, as well as myself, in the first week. I'm looking for something. All the time, in this first medley of images I'm in search of some strong, key expression. Now, if you try forcing this into existence by an effort of will, your work of art will be dead and thin.

When you've written your manuscript and it's ready for you to start shooting, it's pretty well set up as a visual continuity. Do you work in such a way with your imagination that you can then - if one may express this in a banal way - close your eyes and see the film as a sequence of pictures?

No. Well, bits and pieces of it, yes. But it would be intolerable, for me and for those working with me, if, at every moment,I were to try and shape the film by force, if I insisted on a sequence of detailed, preconceived pictures to illustrate the conception I had as I envisioned or wrote the script.

When I write I must try to capture something in words which for all useful purposes, you might say, can't be expressed in words. Later it is necessary to translate the words again so that in quite another context they'll come alive. To be sure, so long as I have a firm grasp on my point of departure, there will always be an **Inner** relationship between the original vision I had and the completed, materialised picture-sequence.

While that original conception must always be in the background, I must not let it become too dictatorial, since, for one thing, I must be prepared to modify it when I switch from writing to directing. For another, my actors, too, have a right - to say nothing of an obligation - to draw straws, to choose among alternatives. The whole process is essentially creative. You write down a melodic line and after that, with the orchestra, you work out the instrumentation.

In an interview you said that if you once lost your feeling for play you'd be finished. But in **The Shame** you're actually very close to the intense centre, you have got something deep inside, in a grip. . .

But that's a game, too. I believe that every seriously intended work of art must contain an element of play. If we believe otherwise, we commit ourselves to a colossal exaggeration. I believe that in this feeling of a game we can find a stimulating sense of shaping a universe, shaping people, shaping situations: we experience the passion of holding up a mirror and finding out what that mirror reflects. . .

Look at the great ones, like Churchill, Picasso, Stravinsky. Picasso and Stravinsky, both, have the eyes of a child, they have "humour lines"; they suggest some kind of secret feeling for the game.

Games and games! Your script girl claims that when you did **The Silence** and Ingrid Thulin was supposed to be dying, alone in a hotel bed, she spiced up the situation by doing a cha-cha before taking the scene!

Certainly; I've often noticed this: if you're concentrating on a serious story, a deeply serious, perhaps tragic situation, a desperately painful involvement, you have a bursting need for jumping off into the opposite - into a lively clowning mood.

Perhaps because the moment of pain which was the nucleus of your creation is now far behind you, experienced long before you wrote it down, and even further away from the production of the film. Each and every artist who creates does so by building on his own painful experience, on a moment of agony which does not necessarily exist at the time of his performance. Of this we are reminded - sometimes with a secret smile - behind the mask we are assuming. This doesn't mean that the experience will then seem less genuine. On the contrary.

You have often mentioned the moment of pain which is the kernel of a film's inspiration. Can you trace **The Shame** back to such a moment?

No. That's a long and tangled thread. It's an experience of humiliation. A long, painful experience of man's humiliation.

For some time, since the first moment of recognition, I have wondered how I would have sustained the experience of a concentration camp, of being forced into such a damnable position.

How noble would **I** have been?

At the bottom of everything there lies this abomination to which man is exposed, the world over: they club his head in, they scream at him, they assault him, they terrorize him.

The older I get the more ghastly it seems to me. And the harder it is for me to live with in my conscience.

This is what we're attempting, modestly, in **The Shame:** to show how humiliation, the rape of human dignity, can lead to the loss of humanity on the part of those subjected to it.

You must despise films that glorify war, that interpret war as a manly adventure. . .

I think they are swinish.

You have said that working with actors involves talk. In getting responses from them, isn't it largely a matter of confidence, or what?

There is nothing more mysterious in it than that they have confidence in my ear and that I have confidence in their "inner hearing".

The rumour that you threw a chair through the window, and such-like, has never accurately been established. . .

I did so. That happens when one is afraid. The more insecure you are, the angrier you get. Or the more afraid. And fear is transformed into anger.

You can't just stay being afraid.

I used to be very dependent on people's opinion of me: I was tyrannically vulnerable to criticism and was unhappy for days if anyone said anything wounding to me or about me. Today I don't care about anything except the life I have with friends and the work I have to do. This is all that's important to me.

I have no need of power.

I have no need to be influential.

I have no need to be a participant in, or a shaper of, Swedish cultural life.

I have no desire to justify myself before criticism.

I have no need at all to be aggressive. I hate that.

I want to look around at the world, above all to read books and fill the gaps in my education which are a result of the uninterrupted work I have pursued since my student days.

Do you experience the times when you don't work as empty?

Not at all. Once I did, but only for short periods. I never had any free time. Spare time is something I experience as an unbelievable delight! To have a good book in my hands and actually immerse myself in it. . .

I have often thought that I should devote myself to Bach's **St. Matthew Passion.** I mean methodically. Actually stay with it. That takes time and patience. I have two kinds of spare time: one kind is only fugitive - attendant on my getting up in the morning and going to bed at night, eating and perhaps taking a walk. The other kind is methodical spare time, when I take a certain time every day to sit down and do something I believe is interesting. But it must be done at a specified time or the day just flies away.

You like working by schedule?

I love to.

You have said that it is more important for the public to feel than to understand.

To feel is primary, to understand is secondary. First feel, experience - and then understand. Self-evidently, the main thing for the public is to have an experience. Later they can bring intellectual processes to bear. That's always a pleasure. And eventually the intellectual process, itself, may elicit a new feeling.

When the audience misunderstands a film. . .**The Silence,** for example - it became a great success because people went to see it not for the film's sake, but to see certain parts of it.

By now, **The Silence** is as innocent as a kindergarten infant by comparison with the films made since. It's no fun to make pornography when everyone else is making it. . .

How do you see your future as a film-maker shaping up?

I know I'll stay with it; if I make my films cheaply enough I can stay with it as long as I have reasons for making films. Nobody, however indirectly, can prevent me. For one reason: I no longer have occasion to be afraid. Of critics, for example: before now they were either sawing off the branch I sat on, or making it stronger for me. I depended on them for my livelihood. . .There were few moments in my life when I wasn't gambling with my existence.

If **Smiles of a Summer Night** hadn't been an international success I would have been virtually finished. I had just had **The Seventh Seal** refused, in manuscript. When **Smiles of a Summer Night** became a success, after its showing at Cannes, I drove to Cannes to see Cari-Anders Dymling and laid that script on the table and told him: "Now or never". Then he accepted it.

You have said that among films by others you have especially liked were **Lady With a Dog, Umberto D., Rashomon.** Have you added to that list?

Yes, with Fellini's **Il Bidone (The Swindler).** I have a great

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admiration for Fellini. I feel a sort of brotherly contact with him, I don't know why exactly. We have written brief, confused letters to each other many times. It's amusing. . .I like him because he is himself, he is **who** he is and **what** he is. His temperament is something I have a feeling for, though it's quite different from my own; but I understand it so damn well and I admire it, colossally.

He is said to be enchanted by my films. That experience is mutual.

How many times can you see a film? You have a private collection of 200 films.

How many times depends on how much I like them. I have seen **Les Vacances de M. Hulot (Mr. Hulot's Holiday)** countless times.

I sit and wait for the parts I enjoy. These can be whole sequences, great moments or just details.

You have maintained that you are self-taught, yet surely a number of directors must have had a certain influence on you?

I have not been subject to influences from another director's artistic style. But influences are not specifically those that come from one's own occupational involvement. You can be influenced by anything around you: modern photography, TV reportage, pop music - which I find fascinating.

The whole life-way influences one.

But film-makers exert the least influence over me. Because I don't see the world the way they do. Formally, I achieve my results by going my own way.

I don't need help from anyone else's means of expression.

Naturally I am influenced, at large, by the new mode of film-making, by the feeling for **film as film,** where actually you don't need lighting effects, for instance, and in which you can get effective results without complex equipment. By these means we can return, in a sense, to the origins of film, when it was simple: when you set up a camera in a bush. I have always found this congenial. A purely technical extension of territory attracts me.

Is **The Shame** to be your last black-and-white film? You have been discussing colour very much lately.

I don't know. Colour is interesting. I was at home with some friends Sunday afternoon and a young girl, about 15, came to the house. She had been to the movies and seen a film which I admired personally. But she was contemptuous: **it wasn't in colour!** Then I thought: this is the new thing today; this new generation finds nothing stimulating in a film unless it's in colour.

It has been a long time since I saw a colour film which I found inspiring. Yes, I was very impressed by the colour in Agnes Varda's **Happiness.** There I felt the colour was deeply sensual.

Colour is best when it isn't colour. That may sound banal, but it's a fact.

Music is finished, you said.

In **The Shame** it has come to that point. No music any more.

You have seldom made a film with a purely literary foundation; usually it's from your own manuscript. Does this mean that you don't think books should be filmed?

I think it's hard to film books or short stories. The material is too rich, it often fences in the film. It's hard to create from it. I don't know. I feel no temptation to try.

Films which never become films - why can't you make novels out of them?

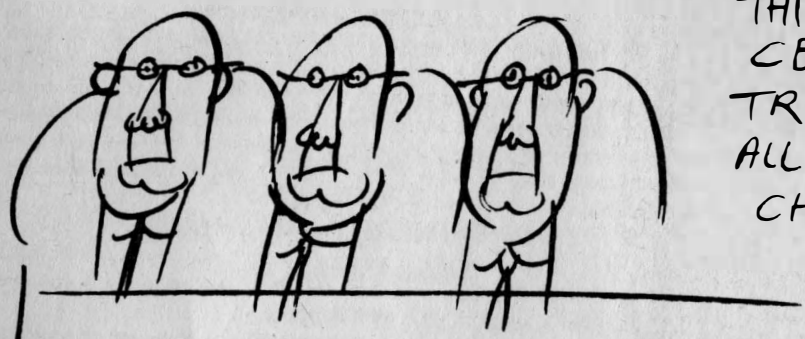
I am not a writer, I am a film-maker. I have no need to express myself with words.

Yet your scripts are written with such literary pregnancy.

That's for practical reasons: so that my co-workers will understand what I mean.

Once I had a literary inferiority complex. I haven't any longer. For some time I harboured the illusion that I would write a play or a novel or a collection of short stories, or whatever. I've entirely given up that idea. I am completely satisfied to express myself in my films. ■

SENS SCENE



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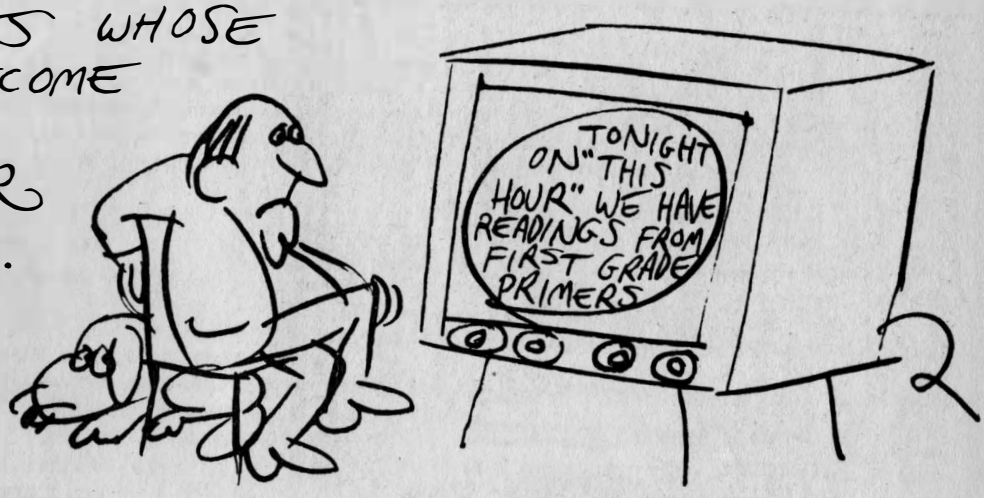

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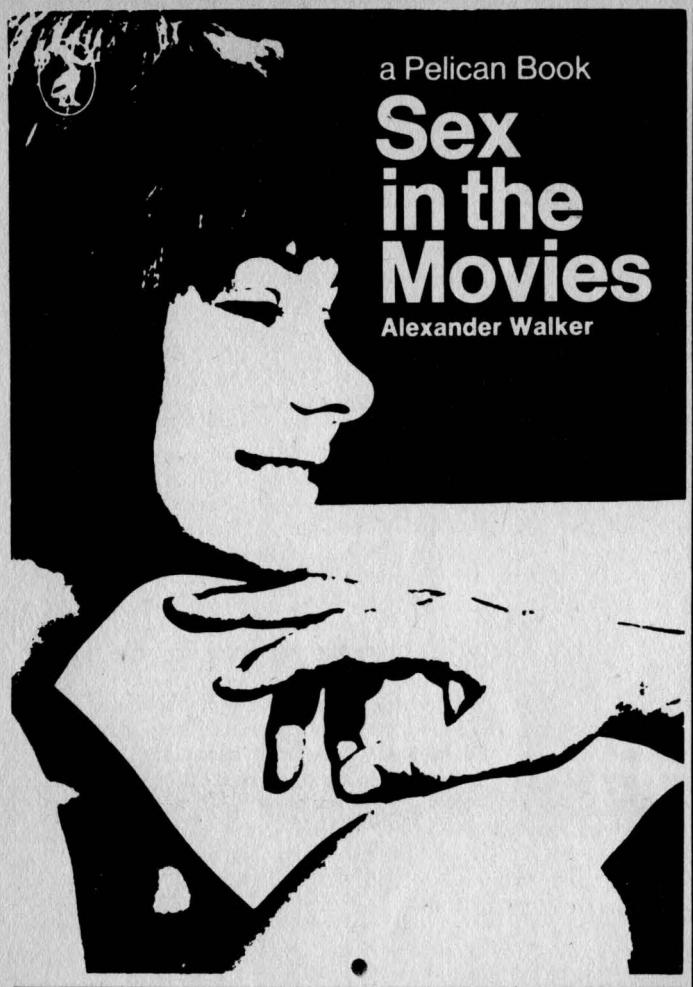

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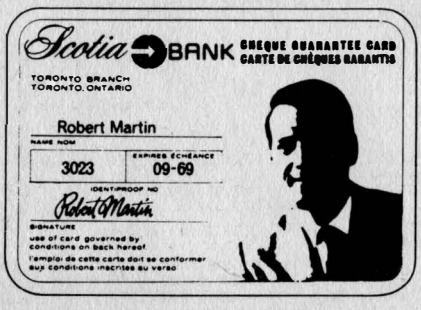

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LE VIOL D'UNE JEUNE FILLE DOUCE

Whatever else may be said about this film, it is permeated throughout by the personality of its author. This capacity to impart one's personal style to a work reveals, if nothing else, fluency in one's chosen means of expression.

To begin with, Gilles Carle shows a good eye for selecting actors and skill in directing them. No one in the cast is a professional, though this might well have been more of an asset than a liability: the actors have none of the staginess or theatrical tics that make so many CBC (French and English) teleplays so offensive; and more particularly, none of the diffidence with respect to the Quebec French dialect so common among French-Canadian actors which often causes them to speak in an unmelodious imitation of the Parisian upper-middle-class accent. Indeed, one of the notable qualities of this film lies in the fact that Carle has allowed or encouraged his actors to speak in an almost unconstrained Quebec French, which is generally softer, less choppy, and carries more of the subtle emotional overtones than the borrowed version. The performance of the principal players, namely the Lachapelle family, Julie and her three brothers, is flawless. Two of these actors, in fact, are unquestionably important discoveries: Julie Andrée Lachapelle and Daniel Pilon, both of whom were practically picked off the street. Indeed, Pilon has been given the lead role in Luis Bunuel's latest film.

Carle keeps the performance of his players strictly within the range of dispassion, which enables him to lead them readily from nonchalance to callousness, to insouciance, to candor, to sullenness, and back to nonchalance. That easily sets the mood for the muffled sarcasm which is part of his personal style.

Strictly speaking, the film begins with the arrival of the "Lachapelle Brothers". Improbable as they may seem, with their Sunday suits and ten-gallon hats, these three righteous men come straight out of Quebec mythology. Indeed, many are the urban French Canadians who have, at one time or another, stared incredulously at one or more of these mythical characters descending upon the city like the Horsemen of the Apocalypse, ready to tame the town or to give it an exemplary lesson in extravagant living. Yet the real-life singularity of these characters is nothing compared to the incredible proportions they assume in shanty lore. These are the true primitives of contemporary Quebec, not the folksy peasants in innocent communion with nature who, for so long and still recently, have haunted National Film Board productions.

From the moment of their appearance it becomes evident that the author feels more at home with his subject, and the film starts moving at a fair clip. The cool brutality of the brothers and their quiet determination to avenge a wrong to which they are clearly indifferent (the defloration and impregnation of their little sister) comes through in short colliding shots as they ransack their sister's apartment, and chase her across a used-car lot to force her to reveal the identity of the father — to which **she** is clearly indifferent. Then off they go on a leisurely drive through the country, seeking out the suspect at his summer house. On the way they pick up a "sweet young girl" and they rape her seriatim.

The latter is the title sequence and it is done masterfully. Though its relation to the main narrative is that of an incidental fait divers, it is clearly the most important sequence of the film. To mute the dramatic intensity of the rape scene and keep it in character with the bombastic detachment of the Brothers, Carle did it in a fixed long shot, and gave it a comicoliturgic cast. The sacramental mood is heightened by remarkable choir music by Pierre F. Brault.

The weaknesses of the film reside almost solely in the presence of some extraneous and some superfluous sequences. The extraneous sequences are the first one, in which two of the characters talk through walkie-talkies, and the one with the Moroccan Jew. The former is an obvious whim, and it prevents the film from getting started. The sequence with the Moroccan Jew is on the whole too ponderous, and since it is not really needed, it causes the spectator some uneasiness. There is, however, a bright spot in this sequence: a few short scenes with a slightly muddled girl beautifully played by Suzan Kay. Her way of going about and speaking with a kind of abstracted gentleness is very moving. The scenes in which she teaches Julie Lachapelle how to use a typewriter and the one in which she arranges her flowers are beautifully imagined, and give the emotional tone which sets off Julie's own shallowness of feeling.

The superfluous sequences are the last ones. They stretch the ending needlessly, and except for a nice bit of acting by Jean Dansereau, the police officer, they tend to be tedious.

But these are minor points. The characters are original and well-conceived, the film is spirited and racy, with a good sense of pacing and mood. Gilles Carle is certainly one of the best among Canadian filmmakers.

Gabriel Breton

Produced by Onyx-Films (1968). 85m., Eastmancolour, 35mm. Author-Director: Gilles Carle. Camera: Bernard Chentrier. Sound Editing: Yves Langlois. Assistant Director: Dominique Boisvert. Music: Pierre F. Brault. Sound: Raymond Leroux. Mix: Michel Bélaief. Producers: Pierre Lamy and André Lamy. Cast: Julie Andrée Lachapelle, Jacques Cohen, Daniel Pilon, Katherine Mousseau, Jacques Chenail, Donald Pilon, Suzan Kay, André Gagnon, Claude Jutra, René Bail, Larry Kent, Jean Dansereau, Arnie Gelbart, and Roger Moride.

CHRISTOPHER'S MOVIE MATINEE

Christopher's Movie Matinée is a film about: 1. youth, 2. a bunch of young people making a film about themselves 3. the experiences these young people have as filmmakers and human beings, and 4. the experiences that the National Film Board crew filming them have at the same time — also as filmmakers and people. The film has no beginning and no end; it is merely a group of findings over a short period of time (summer 1967). It tells us as much about director Mort Ransen and his buddies as it does about the kids they are filming. Thus, **Christopher's Movie Matinée** has no fixed point of view, and, for mainly this reason, it is one of the finest films I've seen on this "subject".

Matinée, then, is a series of short films within a longer one. We see an adolescent boy (the apparent "leader" of the group) interviewing a middle-aged man on a bus; the man goes into a long half-crazy, illogical tirade against hippies, long-hairs, protesters, etc., and the boy makes a sputtering attempt at defending his generation. There is a scene where the group of kids order the NFB crew to shoot the picture their kind of way; and we see their finished product — a crude attempt at "connecting" the loveliness of a street to a garish billboard.

Christopher's Movie Matinée was made at the time of the Big Fuss over Toronto's Yorkville Village, the sanctuary for hippies, searching souls, and "artistic types". So when the kids go down to see what's happening, the camera follows them. There are some remarkable encounters with the arch-villain of the film, City Controller Lamport, who says in one breath that Toronto "needs more Yorkvilles" and then maintains that the young people are constantly creating a disorder.

The film ends as suddenly as it began. There have been charges made against Ransen that he has "staged" demonstrations for the movie, and he is ordered back to Montreal. We see this departure, too, and it is perhaps the most logical "conclusion" to the film.

Mort Ransen's technique is as varied and flexible as his subjects. Some parts of the movie are shot in the cinema-verité style, others are deliberately theatrical. This is a film of contrasts; there is literally nothing in the film that you can keep still. It possesses a fabulous **vitality** and exuberance.

Christopher's Movie Matinée is ninety minutes long, is photographed in splendid colour, features some pleasant, **original** music, is a whale of a film, and probably won't get a general release. Which, to me, is a real crime. It's too good a film to be shown only in private screenings or to educational groups. It deserves to be seen by everyone.

Juan Rodriguez

Produced by the National Film Board. 88m., colour, 16mm. Director & Editor: Mort Ransen. Cameraman: Martin Duckworth. Sound Recording: Jacques Drouin. Assistant Director: Donald Winkler. Producer: Joseph Koenig. Associate Producer: Tom Daly. Music Editor: Don Douglas. Optical Effects: Wally Howard. Studio Vocalist: Colleen Peterson. The Band: Darius Brubeck, Alexander Crawley, Amos Garrett, and William Hawkins. Additional Help & Material: Robin Spry, Jacques Fogel, Susan Lester, Neil Ray, Doug Kiefer, Bo Colomby, Adrienne Horswill, and Penelope Schafer; Canadian Kodak, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and "Outreach". Cast: Graham Bourna, Jan Casson, Malcolm Dean, Roger Dowker, Tom Evans, Doreen Foster, Lari Frolick, Cindy Glickman, Peter Keefe, Joyce Moore, Cathy Nasmith, Harold Shore, Chris Whiteley and Ken Whiteley.

FILM FESTIVAL: SAN FRANCISCO

Someday they'll give a film festival and nobody will come.

At the San Francisco International Film Festival this year, too many people came. There weren't enough festivities (i.e., good films) to go around. In its twelfth year, the San Francisco affair was bigger than ever, in its own respectable way hipper than ever, but for the most part, merely as good as usual.

The Festival's premieres were and weren't. John Flynn's **The Sergeant** was chosen for the black-tie opening night bash in response, perhaps, to last year's complaints that **How I Won The War** was, well, really a bit **too** much. A dull, well-intentioned, pretentious picture, **The Sergeant** lasts for about eight minutes. Then Rod Steiger goes through his repertory of roles past as the film's self-conscious attempt to Be Significant (Warner Bros. style) goes on. And on. I hadn't realized that the pawnbroker was a top sergeant before he went into the sheriffing business.

Nor can San Francisco playing San Francisco save a slow—or at least long—ten days' worth of movies. But then there was **Riverrun.** Over the years, the SF Festival has shown all three of the feature films made by the local director John Korty, and that may well make up for twelve opening nights. After **The Crazy Quilt** and **Funnyman,** Korty has again made a new film, different from anything he's done before, and made it splendidly. In a festival filled with generation-gap crap, **Riverrun** says something genuinely significant about being young (and old) today, and says it visually, emotionally, with not a bit of shlock and only a little (unfortunate) melodrama.

Mai Zetterling's **Flickorna,** on the other hand, is the first movie I've slept through since I caught Frankie Avalon at the drive-in. Albert Johnson, the capable program director, rescued the evening in his introduction of Miss Zetterling as the woman who redefined Black power at last year's festival—the Shirley Temple Black - **Night Games** one. Another entry in the soporific division, **Chimes at Midnight,** finally showed, and Welles' curious throwback to filmed Shakespearean declamation, though almost saved by the best battle scenes since **Alexander Nevsky** and by Welles' own Falstaff, is unbelievably dull. Everybody had said it wasn't very good, and, incredibly, everybody was right.

Conrad Rooks' **Chappaqua** finally got to San Francisco after several years. It's unfair to see the film for the first time now. What may have been stunning Back Then seems merely tedious today. (Rooks has spent all this time trying to get the film shown widely, fighting the distribution system, and now it's too late.)

How, then, to explain the impact of **Faces,** John Cassavetes' new exercise in the old cinema-verité? Clearly **Faces,** along with Korty's film, **Yellow Submarine,** and **Weekend,** was one of the Festival's successes. Perhaps we're all unconsciously tired of pizzazz and Agnes Varda prettiness and Youth. **Faces** is an old-fashioned hand-held, stark and grainy journey into people's pores. John Marley, Gena Rowlands, and especially, Lynn Carlin are real people, not even young people, and their visceral attempts to hold on to something solid (like adultery) in epic Southern California are terrifying because they are real, both in the quality of the illusion and the fact of the situation. Shot in 16mm over several years, **Faces** owes much to **The Savage Eye,** and it ought to be seen everywhere as an antidote to **The Graduate.**

There were, finally, some minor triumphs. Milos Forman's **The Firemen's Ball** suffered like many Festival entries this year, from not really being a new film; it is not only pre-Czechago, but pre-Dubcek.

Andy Warhol's **Lonesome Cowboy** exists on the periphery of cinema, but one has to admit grudgingly that it **is** fun. It is also a technical breakthrough for the Factory; it took several days to shoot (on location in Arizona!), starts out with a plot, and looks a little like a movie. Warhol may have gone too far. Taylor Mead, incidentally, is superb in the first real chance he's had since **The Flower Thief.**

It is odd that a festival so over-organized (the Chamber of Commerce shaped things up for all time the last few years) could show films so sloppily. The Masonic Auditorium is a fan-shaped cavern in which no one has a good seat. Students are es-

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pecially blessed, getting a financial break on seats with an unobstructed view of the corresponding seats across the hall. Scott Bartlett's **Off/on** was shown out-of-focus. Late-comers were seated throughout the showings, especially if they carried crying infants. A rock band played in the lobby, amplifiers turned up all the way to Mother, throughout **Riverrun.** Plastic-wrapped sandwiches went for a buck in the basement (so much for the festivities). The ushers didn't know that the seats were reserved. The screen sound was often fuzzy, but the projectionists' conversations carried well. And so on.

The opening night crowd was flown in from Los Angeles. For the regular showings the audience was bussed in from Daly City. Suburban landladies are not exactly your hard-core film buffs, and, in the audience reaction to many films (and thus in the effect of the films, which is the point), class told.

John Bigby

Perhaps because New Yorkers had done it first, local activists paid relatively little attention to the 12th annual San Francisco Film Festival. Aside from a few militants shouting rude slogans, socialites (at $25 a head) had Opening Night to themselves and could snooze through **The Sergeant** undisturbed. Although the Masonic Auditorium on Nob Hill, all marble and mystic eyes, does have the look of a museum, if not a mausoleum, and although there were backward-looking tributes to Lillian Gish, Elisabeth Bergner and some directors whose best work is behind them, it would be hard to credit charges of irrelevance. One or two entries, like **No Vietnamese Ever Called Me Nigger,** were apparently thrown in as a sop to the politically-conscious, and the ratio of 3 Czech films to 2 Russian (one of them relegated to an 11 a.m. Siberia) was probably no coincidence. For the rest, though, with more than 40 features in 10 days, there were few trends that weren't represented to some degree, and few groups that couldn't find something to their liking, from Camp-followers (Warhol's **Lonesome Cowboy**) to Culture vultures (Welles' 3-year-old **Chimes at Midnight**, rechristened **Falstaff** for anyone slow on the uptake) to masochists who enjoy being bored to death (**Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach**). And to balance that kind of minimal cinema, there was plenty of the maximal variety, particularly among experimental short subjects seemingly competing for the record of the most, and briefest, images in the fewest frames. Only non-group individuals looking for masterpieces were short-changed. Brilliant camerawork and editing were common to many of the films this year but this brings up a serious limitation in any Film Festival. With subtitles so often sketchy or misleading (one referred to someone "sowing his wild cats") the writing, and to some extent, the acting, take a back seat, so that a beautifully photographed film will often leave a deeper impression than one with more to say, but in an unknown language. The best advice to film buffs would appear to be to find a country that consistently turns out interesting films and then learn the language. A few months ago, the obvious one would have been Czech, and it may be again, but the best bet might be Swedish.

Three Swedish films were shown, all of them good, none of them Bergman. Mai Zetterling's **Flickorna** (**The Girls**) was far from being the dog it was called by one of America's most obtuse critics. Although facile, overambitious, and repititious in pounding away at the theme of women victimized by callous men, it was consistently cinematic, handsomely-shot, and impeccably acted by several of the same actresses who helped give Bergman his possibly undeserved reputation as a master of feminine psychology. **Here Is Your Life** was a remarkable first feature directed, edited, photographed and co-written by Jan Troell, and only the episodic nature of its familiar coming-of-age plot kept it from being a complete triumph. Kjell Grede's **Hugo and Josephine**, like Troell's film, had some ravishing images, plus a characterization of an independent, eccentric 8-year-old that lifts it well above other "wholesome, charming" films. One hopes that Warner Brothers, who distribute it, won't ruin it by dubbing in the voice of a 40-year-old radio actress specializing in small boys.

If the festival is in any danger, it stems from its very success. Having made a profit this year, the temptation will be strong to keep picking films likely to be popular. There was a gesture towards struggling local filmmakers in the form of cash awards, and there could well be more of this, along with lower general admission prices, in view of the Festival's $1,500,000 budget. And maybe, just maybe, as a final suggestion, "Less is More."

Joseph Kostolefsky

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ONE PLUS ONE

reviewed by Harold G. Woodside

Jean-Luc Godard is a remarkable man. He is remarkable because he is the maker of films that are ambiguous, as far as the concept of conventional lineal story structure is concerned. The middle-class mind shrugs its shoulders and labels Godard as "enigmatic" and "Avante-garde"—a luxury in this society. Mind you, many of the critics who attended the screening of **One Plus One** were more honest and some regarded the film as "junk", "tripe", and "a jumbled mess".

Fair enough—but Godard is not a literary-story-teller-in-film-director's-clothing as are most of the directors who are using the medium today. He is an artist; he is cinema. As an artist, Jean-Luc Godard has brought to the screen his thoughts; his impressions; his feelings; his development as a man in society and life. If you trace his career, say, from **Vivre Sa Vie** to **Pierrot Le Fou** to **One Plus One**, you will see one clear evolutionary line as Godard develops from personal awareness to social awareness.

I have discovered that you cannot categorize a man like Godard; you can't package him. You can only speak of his films in terms of what they mean to you and you alone. You can't speak for other people. What follows then is an internal dialogue. I am trying to discover what it all means to me; either you relate to what I say or you don't. Godard, himself, has always declined to fully analyze his films for us. He appears to be contemptuous of such requests and says, ". . .figure it out for yourself. . ." He tells us, "I am merely learning. I am learning all the time. That is why I make films. I am not entirely sure what my films mean to me so how can I speak for anyone else?"

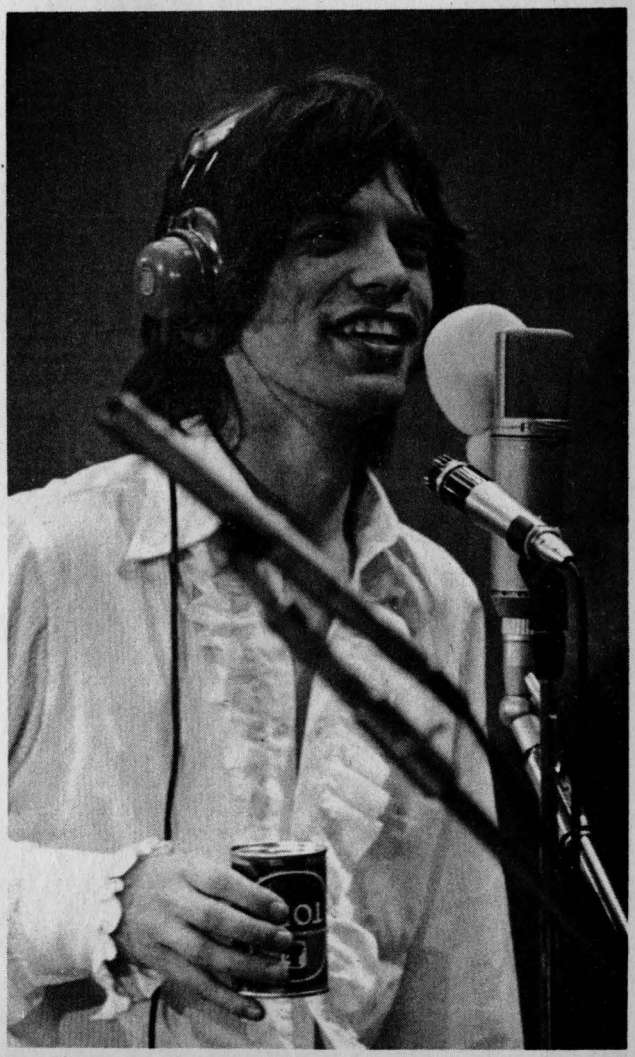
Godard never uses an elaborately detailed script. He works from a brief outline and from his head. His films, especially **One Plus One**, are not definite intellectual statements. They are a series of inspirations, immediate and improvised, **and** this is the quality that makes Godard an artist. Inspiration is the essence of thought; it is awareness in its purest form. Therefore, the knowledge and thoughts that are drawn from the images, dialogue, and structure (the inter-juxposition of the images and the episodes) of a Godard film differ completely with each individual man and woman who perceives it.

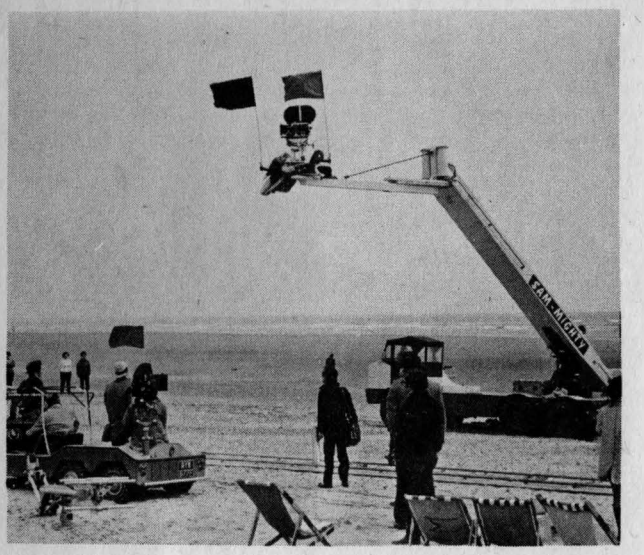
That is why, in an age of mass production and standardization, individuals like Godard seem such enigmas. He uses the medium to create his own personal environment which, because of the nature of the medium, he chooses to share with anyone who cares to become involved (Godard's film is a technological extension of Godard's mind). Our reaction to that environment will depend upon how we approach it, and the extent and quality of our own intellectual and spiritual awareness.

That is why it is impossible to judge for other people whether Godard's films are good or bad; they just **are** and either you like them or you don't. Either you can identify with them or you can't. Many people approach every film with a set of pre-packaged ideas which can only relate to stereotyped products. Anything new or truly original confuses them and provokes a negative response. Either Godard can help you while he is searching for himself in his films or he can't.

It is, I think, significant to note that as an intellectual and an Artist (there should be no difference between the two), Godard is becoming aware not merely of the need for social change; but what form that social change should take. In **One Plus One,** I think that, after examining the class struggles and various attitudes in our society, the film ends recognizing the eventual victory of a Marxist Society as an alternative to the present crumbling system. Whether the film favours this alternative or not is relative, but the significant fact is that Godard clearly acknowledges the need for such a change.

One Plus One is composed of ten eight-minute episodes of





five interchangeable scenes. The film begins with the Rolling Stones (voice of dissident youth who are acquiring a new social awareness) in the studio working out, step by step, the song, "Sympathy for the Devil" for their latest LP 'Beggar's Banquet'. The scene moves to a used car dump where a revolutionist Black Power group are doing their thing; white girls dressed in shrouds are fondled then taken out and shot whilst background voices are quoting from Eldridge Cleaver, LeRoi Jones, Stokely Carmichael, and Black Power policies. We cut to a young girl touring London with a spray-can of black paint, defacing symbols of our "consumer" society with love/revolutionary slogans (not erotic love slogans) and things like, "Freudomocracy" and "Cinemarx". We cut to a summer field where the birds are singing their songs of 'Happiness' and Anne Wiazemski, representing the voice of liberal democracy, gives a hilarious interview (illustrating her alienation, apathy and impotence) to a group parodying a television reporting team. In a pornographic bookshop, Iain Quarrier paces the floor reading from 'Mein Kampf' as customers who purchase their items (including a little girl) are required to give the Nazi salute and slap the faces of two Hippie Jews. Meanwhile, back in the recording studio, the Stones. . .etc.

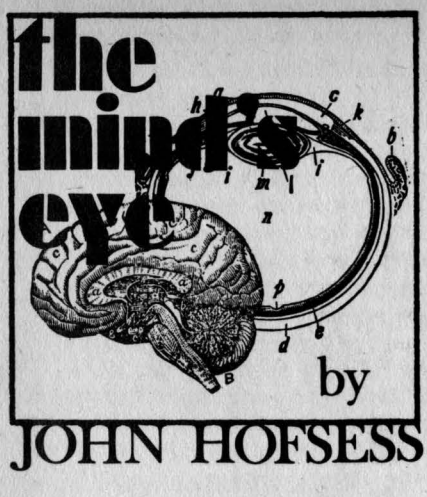
Weaving its way through this structure and often illuminating the real intentions of the film is a voice-over commentary which is, for me, a parody of western literature and the degenerate state of Western man's mind. At the end of the film the cast and production crew appear together and Godard himself runs into a scene to spray Anne Wiazemski's shroud with plastic blood. I think the fact that, in the original version, Godard abruptly ended the film with a shot of the body of Anne Wiazemski draped over a crane between the emblem flags of Black Power while the Stones never finish perfecting their song, is significant in revolutionary terms, but make of it what you will when you see it for yourself.

So what makes Godard so special that many people—especially outraged film critics—feel that Godard is putting them on by making films in a way that almost anybody could do them? The fact still stands that Godard is one of the few who, in our society, have overcome certain obstacles and retained the potential and ability to become complete men, and have therefore been granted the privilege of being labelled, "Artist". But, what is an artist but the essence of Everyman. And does not the ultimate goal of Marxist society strive for the exclusion of external, material forces so that every single human being **can** become an intellectual and creative, complete human being (a spiritual state of 'being')? Remote and unlikely as it may now seem, perhaps someday Everyman will be able to go out and create a work of art. At Berkeley, when asked about revolutionary cinema, Godard remarked, "I think that the future for a revolutionary cinema is an amateur cinema."

As the oppressed peoples of the world begin to take to the streets with guns, so Godard is taking to the streets with his camera; his 'gun'. Is the day near when Godard and others like him will lay down their cameras and take up real guns? Meanwhile, Godard is saying: you have your own ideas; you have your own values. My films will not mean the same to you as they do to me, but make up your own mind. PARTICIPATE!

"Cinematografia o muerte venceremos. . ."

Unfortunately I don't think the censors will allow **One Plus One** to be released to the general public unless drastic cuts are made. This just might happen, as the producer, Iain Quarrier, has already changed the ending of the film (to enable the Stones to finish their song) and thereby destroyed the essence of the film. Godard expressed his contempt for this sort of interference when he publicly punched Quarrier on the nose late last year in London. ■



In Memoriam

Some people are born fault-finders; of the whole artist they seek only the Achilles heel.

The little magazines of Academe are filled with the poison and buzz of intellectually busy bees; Edmund Wilson attacks Vladimir Nabokov, Nabokov replies with murderous wit, Mary McCarthy steps in and praises Nabokov's work which **may** mean she is putting down her former husband Mr. Wilson, and so on. (The Antonioni-Losey feud about who has the greater claim to directorial manhood is also on this level.) In these mental war games, more tiresome and malicious than anything perpetuated by "military minds", art criticism is little more than the practice of building oneself up by tearing others down. If Nazi Germany teaches us anything it is that the mental annihilation of man is merely a prefiguration of the physical annihilation of man, and as long as "humanists" regularly, profitably practice cultural warfare, they do not strike me as being much different (except, perhaps, **more** hypocritical) than the generals and politicians who imperil life using other life-negating principles and weapons.

Just as there are people whose standards for accepting love are so severe that they manage to preclude loving relations with people — and one finds in looking closely that their harsh judgements and humorless strictures betray an unconscious **contempt** for people — there are critics who claim that it is for their high-principled love of cinema as an art that they develop astringent critical standards which precious few films ever satisfy, thus justifying (to their small consciences) a lifetime of negative, strident invective, and violence of opinion.

The pivotal difference between a good critic and a poor one, in my view, is a psychological difference between those willing to surrender themselves (even temporarily) to another person and influence, and those of combative identity whose relation to anything new, anything unusual, is mainly one of emotional resistance and argument, and who are so busy talking back to a film while seeing it that they miss the point — and opportunity — of listening to another voice other than their own.

Viewing a film strictly on my terms necessarily involves a reduction of the work, among other distortions; whereas when I try to view it on the artist's terms, and dwell in the world of his work, it permits a possible expansion of myself. If after six months, a year, or longer, images and whole scenes continue to reappear in the repertory cinema of memory, I am forced to conclude that a film (be it Richard Lester's **How I Won The War,** Roman Polanski's **Cul-de-Sac,** or Joseph Losey's **Eva**) must be granted the distinction of being more forceful and effective cinema than first impressions and consciously **controlled** opinions may have indicated. I can, with a certain effort of focussing consciousness, recall scenes from, say, **Elvira Madigan, Rosemary's Baby, Ulysses, The Graduate** — but they do not come of their own accord, uncommanded, have little psychological significance or staying power. Virtually any film by Luis Bunuel however, even if seen once, will leave numerous cinematic **gestalts** planted in the mind as depthcharges — moments when by modulated word and silence, light and shade, natural scene and architecture, image and expression of actor and actress — all the malleable properties under a film director's control — successfully combine to form an imperishable engram which takes on an independent life of its own in the mind. (Pierre Clementi with a feature role at his disposal in **Gangster Girl** could not make his presence felt more strongly than the brief moment in **Belle de Jour** when Bunuel makes even the holes in his socks seem ominous, and his jagged goldcapped teeth a portent of evil). The number, and intensity, of these **gestalts** I regard as the final arbiter of a film's value (**not** whether I consciously liked or approved of a film experience); when critics draw up lists of "best" films they usually do so with an eye cocked on building or maintaining a judicious reputation, they seek to demonstrate their "good taste" whereas the films which really haunt us, influence us, play havoc with our dreams are frequently the ones they wouldn't deign to mention except in terms of contempt. Film criticism is hardly exempt from the Freudian insight that it is what we are most loathe to acknowledge that is closest to the truth, that it is precisely what we try to repress and condemn which has greater energy — fearful energy — as art than the works we pay lipservice to as "classics", predictable in their pleasures, and safely distanced from disturbing us.

Male critics especially seem to attend films in the spirit of combat (in which the films frequently lose) as if film-going were the cultural equivalent of a work-out at Vic Tanny's. They growl, scoff, sneer, put their bitter rhetoric through its paces, punch away at straw men of their own devise, and laboriously take films to task for all that they are not and never claim to be (i.e. produced to fit their moral, aesthetic, political ideology) while studiously ignoring all that films are and rightfully claim to be (independent and liberating works of art). By the time they have finished, a film is not much condemned as it is a victim of, and pretext for, their exercises in viciousness. Criticism as pathology.

Although I have cast these principles in my voice, they are principles embodied in the work of Wendy Michener whose death on New Year's day, at the age of 34, leaves a vacuum in Canadian letters. If Jane Austen had been a film critic, she would have written like Wendy Michener.

No one will easily replace her sensibility, her genial wit, her catholicity of interests; she brought to her articles in **Macleans** magazine, **Saturday Night,** the **Toronto Globe and Mail,** a gracefulness of mind, a quickness of life, that was unique. Most reviewers give little of themselves, the task of daily reviews is such a thankless one, it's like writing in quicksand; but Wendy Michener gave unstintingly of herself, the ephemeral nature of journalism did not dishearten her, because she was (as any reader could discern) generous by nature and willing to give in a medium of small returns. She did not write nervously, glancing right and left to see what Andrew Sarris had said, or Roger Greenspun had said; her voice was her own and she did not have to raise it above a whisper, an occasional sarcasm was as aggressive as she ever became in her work, she could do more with irony than Pauline Kael could do with a flat iron. She knew that the soundness of her criticism did not depend upon highness of pitch, or stridency of tone. It must be left to her friends and colleagues in the Canadian publishing industry to collect and preserve her work in book form; until such time her legacy is confined to the few thousands who had the fortune to read her and remember. We are in need of new forms of cinema, and new forms in criticism — a "pro-life" culture — a renewal of mankind. Wendy Michener's voice lent itself to that courageous project, and nowadays, Life needs every friend it can get.

The Portuguese director Fernando Lopes is preparing his next film: **Uma Abelha na Chuva (A Bee in the Rain).**

About this film Lopes says:

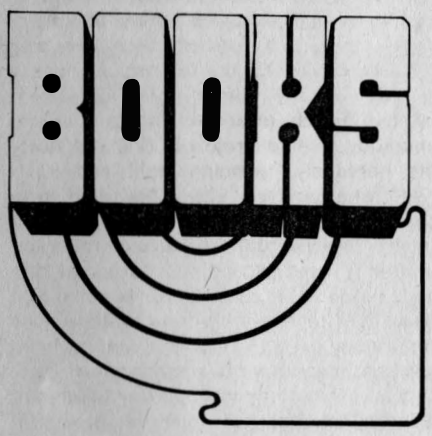
"The novel 'Uma Abelha na Chuva' written by Carlos de Oliveira, was conceived for adaptation to the cinema many years ago. This project has been in my mind during the last five years. But the difficulties we have in Portugal didn't per-

mit me to make this film."

Those difficulties are real enough. In all of Portugal (nine million inhabitants) there are only 400 movie theatres, and only 100 of them present daily programs. This is not encouraging for new filmmakers who want to express what they feel through the cinema. And the examples of the new cinema of Brazil and Spain — two nations very close to the Portuguese political situation and with common histories — are not very favourable for young Portuguese directors because their social structures (like that of Portugal) lie in an astonishingly under-developed state. And the new cinema of Brazil and Spain remains forbidden in Portugal.

Fernando Lopes has been working in commercials these last few years as a means of surviving. This is also the case with other directors like Antonio de Macedo, Faria de Almeida or Paulo Rocha.

Vasco Granja



Richard Roud; **Jean-Luc Godard**
Tom Milne ed.; **Losey on Losey**
Geoffrey Nowell-Smith; **Luchino Visconti**
Robin Wood; **Howard Hawks**
Kevin Brownlow; **How It Happened Here**
Peter Graham ed.; **The New Wave: Critical Landmarks**
John Ward; **Alain Resnais; or the theme of time**
Secker and Warburg, Toronto, each $2.95 paper, $5.95 casebound. (In US, $2.95 & $4.95)

These are the first 7 publications of the British Film Institute's **Cinema One** series. They are large-format paperbacks, well bound and generously illustrated with stills well integrated into the text. Those which deal with an individual director contain as complete a filmography as one can expect to find outside **Cahiers du Cinéma** (and in the second editions of the Godard and Losey books the filmographies have been revised and up-dated).

If in format this series is hard to beat, the quality of the individual books varies. The Losey book is one long interview (conducted by Tom Milne) which covers the director's career. For those interested in Losey this book is a **must** but it should also be of interest to anyone curious about the problems (particularly technical ones) of professional filmmaking. Losey's analyses of his films and their themes seem particularly concise and clear when this book is compared to the four other books on directors written by critics.

As is too often the case, these writers seem to be trying to imitate the worst kind of academic literary criticism. Though they would probably agree that the cinema is essentially a visual medium, they spend most of their time examining the plots of films (this is most true of Nowell-Smith and least true of Robin Wood). Looking at them individually, the Visconti book is dull, dull, dull. John Ward's book discusses Resnais in terms of Bergson's theories of time. It throws some light on Bergson but almost none on Resnais or his films. Roud's Godard book is quite good, but Godard is so prolific and his films so complex that it is possible to be very interested in him without being interested in those aspects of his work which Roud discusses. Both Roud and Robin Wood, in his book on Hawks, are able to communicate their enthusiasm and make you want to see the films they write about. It's easy to be put off by Wood's adulation of Hawks (I find it difficult to accept as one of "the great moments of the cinema" the scene in **Rio Bravo** where Dean Martin decides against taking a drink); but Wood is able to back up most of what he says with careful analysis of mise en scène and his observation of the small details which critics often miss (e.g. the lighting-of-cigarettes motif which runs through Hawk's films). A book to buy even if you don't like Hawks. After reading it, you may change your mind.

Peter Graham's book is not what it seems. With the exception of an interview with Truffaut, the essays in this book have more to do with the auteur than with the Nouvelle Vague. They range from the political drivel of a couple of **Positif** articles to two typically brilliant pieces by André Bazin (one of which attacks the excesses of the auteur theory which Bazin developed!). Both of his essays appeared in English before (one in **Cahiers du Cinema in English** no.1, and the other in **What is Cinema**) but never in as readable translations as are found here.

The sleeper of the lot is Kevin Brownlow's book about how he made **It Happened Here.** Even if you've never seen the film (and many people probably have never even heard of it) this book is delightfully entertaining and extremely informative. It should be read by anyone who has ever considered making a film— and that will include most of the readers of this magazine.

Joe Medjuck

Finler, Joel W.; **Stroheim**, University of California Press, 143 pp., $1.95 (US).

This short book, thoroughly laced with stills, gives excellent coverage of Stroheim's career as a director. Finler does not dwell on the myths surrounding Stroheim, but briefly gives the facts of his past as unearthed by Denis Marion.

All of Stroheim's films are discussed, with particular emphasis on **Greed.** In order to place this film in perspective, Finler deals with Norris's naturalist novel, "Mc-

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Teague", from which the detailed adaptation was made.

The book does not get too involved with the misty area of Stroheim's influence as a technical consultant, screenwriter and actor. Finler does, however, touch briefly on Wilder's **Sunset Boulevard** and on Stroheim's association with Renoir. He also makes a good case for Stroheim's approach which enabled him to convey his ideas without the use of montage.

A clear, direct and informative book — pleasant contrast to so many other books on film.

Joe Claener

Swedish production managers, being rather tight-lipped at this time of year, are giving out very little information regarding Swedish film projects for the current twelvemonth. One item of interest, however, is that Svensk Filmindustri and Sandrews have agreed to cooperate in the setting up of film centers in New York (2), London, and Rome where new Swedish films can be seen at reasonable prices. This is mainly an attempt by the companies to take a step in the direction of expanding their overseas markets. People in those three cities should begin to look for notices of the Swedish film centers' openings in March.

The most discussed new film here is Jan Halldorf's **Korridoren** (**The Corridor**), a black-and-white, tell-it-like-it-is story of a young medical student who discovers that the practice of medicine is not at all as he had idealized it. Using both professional and amateur players, Halldorf has succeeded in preserving an aura of realism over his opus which makes it wholly convincing as a film document.

Ingmar Bergman seems to want to take a little vacation from filmmaking and has just begun directing rehearsals of 'Woyczyk' for the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm. Current plans call for Bergman to start directing a new film in the late spring but, as yet, no details as to working title, story, players have been made available.

The Danes, meanwhile, are looking at each other and asking, "Do you think that THIS is the year for something to finally HAPPEN in Danish films?" The reasons for this are five: Henning Carlsen, Finn Karlsson, Sven Gronlykke, Jens Ravn and Ole Roos. Henning Carlsen will be remembered as the director of the award-winning cooperative nordic effort **Hunger**, which appeared in 1966, starring Per Oscarsson and Gunnel Lindblom. Carlsen is in the throes of a new production based on a "typical Nordic novel".

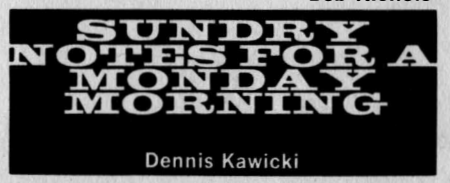
Finn Karlsson has just graduated from the State Film School and Jens Ravn has ten years' experience as director's assistant and production leader for various 'folk comedies' back of him. Ole Roos comes from the Skot-Hansens short film organization while Sven Gronlykke got his experience with the ASA company. All four of these young men are now in the process of filming and editing their first feature films. Perhaps Danish film is about to take the step into the full-fledged professionalism which has been urged upon it for so many years by a waiting film world.

The picture of current film activity in Denmark would not be complete without a word about the underground scene. The most promising constellation here is the ABCinema group. Perhaps from the underground labs of Hans-Jorgen Nielsen, Erik Thygesen, and Jorgen Leth a rejuvenation will come which can co-exist with a more 'official' movement in the same direction.

It may just be, however, that the path of development for Danish film is via Nordic cooperative efforts. This is the opinion of many film people in Denmark who seem to prefer to follow this line of advancement until the requisite production skill and professionalism which can make Danish films attractive to the whole world can be achieved. Accordingly, Palle Kjaerulff-Schmidt is now directing Henning Moritzen and the Swedish actress Bibi Andersson (one of Bergman's 'company'), in **Think of a Number**, a Swedish-Danish co-production to be released sometime this spring or summer.

For those fascinated by the life and work of Carl Th. Dreyer, his manuscript "Jesus" has recently been published and is available in both Danish and English. It is apparent that Dreyer fully intended to make this film before he died and it is even possible that he originally planned to use it as his career's swan song. His genius for the dramatic is evident throughout the manuscript; mostly in his short concise mention of such effects as "a hand with a dagger," or "a hand writing on a piece of papyrus". It is evident that Dreyer desired to preserve a high degree of historic objectivity in his "Jesus", preferring to depict the everyday life in 30 (or so) AD of a land occupied by a foreign army and populated by a people very much divided because of strongly held political attitudes and diverse religious crosscurrents, rather than an idealized Bible description of the situation.

Bob Nichols



Walt Disney wanted to make **Alice in Wonderland** in 1934 as part animation with a living character walking through the action of the cartoon. The Alice he had in mind was Mary Pickford. . .There is that famous scene in **Sabotage** where a young boy carries a bomb in a small package, without knowing it, through the streets of London and finally boards a bus, where the bomb explodes. There was a film made in the U.S. in 1914 called **The Bomb Boy** which recounts the adventures of a messenger boy who unknowingly carries a bomb in his package. In this version, the boy discovers the contents and throws the package in a near-by lake. . .The joyous scene in **Jules and Jim** where Catherine has a phony mustache painted on her face is perhaps Truffaut's little homage to Chaplin's **Shoulder Arms** where Chaplin does the same to the heroine, in order to escape the Germans. . .Shades of **Duck Soup.** There is a Fredonia Hotel chain in the midwest. . .Jean Cocteau seems to have made a film before **Blood of a Poet** simply called **Jean Cocteau Makes a Film.** It is, of course, now lost. . . Once and for all, can anyone tell me who Max Schreck really was?. . .How do these two titles of early films strike you?**Airy Fairy Lillian Tries On Her Corset** (1905). If you think those long and complicated titles to some films today are something new, here is the title to a 1903 Biograph film — **Poor Girl, It Was a Hot Night and the Mosquitoes Were Thick**. You think the title is bad? The plot had to do with a young woman removing her clothes as she enters a bath house. A man in a black leotard comes by, spots the female's discarded clothes and steals them. He takes them elsewhere and, while wearing the woman's large picture hat, prances around, trodding his feet in her undergarments as the film ends. And this was listed as a comic film. Brrr. . .The print of **Potemkin** now circulating in Russia eliminates much of the violence of the Odessa Steps massacre — the child being trampled on, the mother and child being shot, the soldiers marching over their prostrate forms, the close-up of the old woman's face being slashed and the cry of the rabble-rouser, "Down with the Jews", before he is spat upon and trampled by the mob. Without it, one wonders, now why did they turn on him. It is such a beautiful point in the film. Here we have a typical rabble-rouser who offers a scapegoat to the Odessa citizens — "Down with the Jews." They turn on him not because any of the people in the crowd may be Jewish but they do so as to say, "We don't want any scapegoats now. We want the real villains." One of the rare, rare times when a mob really knows what it is after. And the whole thing lost. . .In the Warner Brothers' film, **Svengall** (1931) there is a very impressive shot. It begins with an extreme tight shot of Svengali's blind eyes. The camera begins to track back to a medium to a long to an extreme long shot, goes backwards through the window, takes in some of the building and continues to go back until the building itself is seen in extreme long shot with the figure of Svengali the size of a fingernail. The camera continues with a pan to the right across the street, seemingly hovering in the air, going faster and faster over fantastically cubistic buildings which look like the Prague set in the 1920 version of **The Golem,** stopping on an extreme long shot of another building. The camera then tracks forward, goes through another window, comes to a rest on the wall of

the interior of the building for only a split second and then pans quickly to the right to the heroine, tossing on the bed, coming in to a medium close on her. All this in one continuing shot. . .Hal 9000 is alive and well and hiding on Jupiter. . . Ingmar Bergman drives a Fjord. . .That famous scene between David Hemmings and the two young girls in **Blow-Up** was directed very interestingly by Antonioni. He told Hemmings to strip the girls but did not inform the girls of this. Likewise, he told the girls to strip Hemmings but did not tell him. So, when the scene was shot, it was very, very natural and, of course, much more was filmed than was shown on the screen. . .Does everyone recall that Bunuel-like scene during the Democratic Convention when Hubert Humphrey made love to a television set?. . . The very, very impressive C-G-C in A flat Major from Richard Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra" which opens **2001: A Space Odyssey** was called by Strauss the World-Riddle theme. . .

NEW YORK LETTER

by Bob Cowan

Joyce Wieland makes 'small' films. They are not so small in length as they are small in the sense that a Japanese haiku is 'small'. They have a quality of intimacy, and an almost child-like sense of the wonderful and the absurd. In **1933**, the precise lettering of 1933 is printed over footage of various people walking in a city street. The repeated images are such that they appear to be different every time; to be expanding. **1933** has a machine-mechanical-doll-rhythmic-like structure. **Sail Boat** has the simplicity of a child's drawing. A toy-like image of a sailboat sails, without interruption on the water, to the sound of roaring waves, which seem to underline the image to the point of exaggeration, somewhat in the way a child might draw a picture of water and write word-sounds on it to make it as emphatic as possible. The little image is interrupted at one point by a huge shoulder appearing briefly in the left hand corner. **Haiku** is the apt title of another short film made from outcuts from a Job Corps documentary which features hand-tinted sections. The film is full of small movements and actions, gestures begun and never completed. Repeated images, sometimes in color, sometimes not. A beautifully realized type of chamber-music film whose sum-total feeling is ritualistic. Her longest film, **Cat Food,** is not quite as successful as the others because her films work best when they are concise and brief. The abrupt cuts from image to image tend to work against it. One wishes the camera would just come to rest and let the cat do his stuff. Joyce Wieland makes a very special kind of film. The same sense of humor, tenderness and feeling for the more humble details of life that is present in her paintings and plastic constructions are given further dimensions in her films. There is somewhat of a sense of sadness and nostalgia in all her work. . .a sense of lost innocence.

New York and environs contain per square foot the largest assortment of unattractive lifeless-seedy-dreary-ugly people that I have ever seen in any city. Some days in downtown Brooklyn, it looks like all the losers, grotesques and barbarians have been let loose at once and we are in the midst of an invasion. It's as it, as one commentator called it, New York was one big mental institution where the doctors and attendants had gone away. In the midst of all this ugly surface there bloom some beautiful people and events which make living here bearable. . .and hard to leave. But leave I did, and paid a visit to San Francisco where the people really are attractive and behave like civilized human beings. I went there specifically to survey the scene for a film I wish to make. I found everything that I had hoped for and more. I also saw the work of other filmmakers whom I had not previously known and was very favorably impressed with the quality and sensitivity of their work. The films I saw contained a lyricism that is rarely found in New York films. Especially notable were the films of John Schofill. In his **Film Piece for Sunshine,** his use of dissolves for dramatic continuity was beautifully realized. . .not used as a gimmick in order to get from one scene to another. Rather they were used to give a sense of growth from one scene to another, from one color-shape-texture to another. In and out pulses counterpointed with vertical cutting. A musical sense of film cutting which tends to make whatever sound he used on the track superfluous. He has an amazing sense of film texture and structure. Ira Fabricant, who works in 8mm, possesses a natural sense of the flow of progressive images leading to a feeling of unity. He tends to extend and repeat images too often but the camera work is sensitive and fluid. Bob Giorgio works in 8mm as well but his films are blown up to 16mm which adds a quality of texture and color not found usually in regular 16mm printing. Three films of his, **That's Nice, Swing Low Suite Charlot** and **Fugue Film No. 1** contain the same kind of open lyri-

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cism. They are not complex films. They have simple themes. The colors are rich and sensual. The editing is disciplined and each film has a textural unity partly due to the painterly effect caused by being enlarged from 8 to 16mm. In general I found the West Coast film scene to be in a much healthier state than the scene in New York which at the moment seems to have come almost to a standstill.

CLIVE DENTON ON FILM

1968, if not a vintage year for movies, shows up in retrospect as an encouragingly good one. The best movie new to me was Orson Welles' **Falstaff**, which excitingly linked the style found in some of the year's better movies and the compassion which marked others.

Falstaff is not a very good title. It suggests that Welles hogs the show himself, which he doesn't. **Chimes at Midnight,** Orson's original choice, much better suggests the frost on the rose, implicit in his vision of 'the death of Merrie England'. Still, this would be a great and treasurable film even if some distributor called it **The Fantastic Disappearing Man.** (Not that such a title would be inappropriate.)

In a year when Bunuel, Bergman and Truffaut were all on form, Roman Polanski gets my vote for the precision of his style, employed as means to an end. Not, of course, for **Rosemary's Baby** — though that was O.K. — but for the picture much closer to his strange little heart. **The Fearless Vampire Killers** may have suffered from production interference (as Polanski claimed) but it's still indecently funny and, at odd short moments such as Ferdy Maine's first appearance, more scary than what it's sending up.

'Compassion' was an over-used word in the 1950's. However, we've had too little cause to use it lately and so I welcomed the small group of sympathetic and compassionate and slightly 'fiftyish films, composed principally of **Rachel Rachel, The Heart is a Lonely Hunter, The Swimmer** and **Charley Bubbles.** Oddly enough, the least successful overall of these has left the strongest impression. **The Swimmer** — for all its rotten dialogue and naive visual gaffes, is one of the very few films I know which reasonably co-exists on two planes, the realistic and the symbolic.

Truffaut, although endistanced as hell, was surprisingly compassionate to both huntress and victims in **The Bride Wore Black.** I mean, surprisingly for the story, not for Truffaut. And is the plot merely a dream, or wish-fulfilment, of the Moreau lady? And would Hitchcock have made her a blond?

As for Godard, he's a horse of a different colour. And won't stay still long enough for us to be sure which.

In the last issue, Martin Knelman's letter said he was amused by part of Glen Hunter's "disgraceful" review of the book 'Kiss Kiss Bang Bang'. I'm chuckling too. Of all critics, Pauline Kael is surely least in need of support. After all, she **knows** she's right — and isn't slow to slap anyone who disagrees with her. I'm all for personal criticism, being convinced that the main value of film reviewing lies in the subjective relation between critic and criticised. But Pauline's personal responses would appeal more to me if she showed the slightest respect for anyone else's.

Personally, then, I seek out facts rather than opinions, these days. For which reason, the new series of filmscripts published by Simon and Schuster are welcome. They are illustrated paperbacks, well-produced (except for the odd bit of 'print-through') and they come in two series. "Modern Film Scripts" include "Alphaville", "Jules and Jim" and "The Seventh Seal". ($1.95 in U.S., In Canada, Musson Book Co., Toronto, $2.35). Among the "Classic Film Scripts" are works of Renoir, Bunuel and Lang — and "Potemkin", which fairly leaps off the page, like a great prose poem. Eisenstein, with mere words, could approach the surge and swell of his parade of images. And in the "Alphaville" volume, I get rather more from Godard's brief narrative "treatment" than from the translated dialogue. Strange. We keep saying a film resembles a book more than a play. Maybe that's even true.

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